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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Spring Poetry

SPRING is not what it used to be. Spring has changed its character, altered its psychology, exchanged its influence, and all so subtly that the poets write as if the vernal equinox still unleashed the hounds of spring on winter's traces. Miss Lowell in her "Life of Keats" chooses his lines—

When anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields

as containing more of spring than any others in English poetry. Of Keats's spring, and what is still the literary spring, yes; but not of our spring, not spring in any urbanized, steam-heated civilization.

The barbarian froze and stiffened through the winter in his hut; life was lethargy and little happened but chilblains, eating, and drinking. Spring thawed his muscles; spring warmed his energy; he picked up his dinted shield and began to move. Winter in the nineteenth century was still a semi-hibernation—months of sluggish lying near the heat, an existence muffled in woolen underwear, darkened by bad lighting, a slowing down of life whose tempo was not rapid under the most favorable circumstances. Spring was still a breaking of bonds and rebirth of energy. Its favorite words were "leaping," "gambolling," "expanding," "burning," "shouting." Movement quickened as the blood warmed; love became inevitable to the young; it was as if heaven's floodgates opened and poured energy into the power-house of the world. An anthology of spring poetry is still as dynamic as a box of grasshoppers. The New Year once began in the spring.

Spring in the nineteen hundreds is almost the reverse of all this; even for the poets who still celebrate a spring that is as *passé* as blood-letting. Spring in the twentieth century is relaxation, langour, rest. It is the resurgence of the emotional and the regression of the intellectual. It is an abatement of energy and a pause in the year's mad activity. The tempo goes down, not up; the will turns from doing to being. Winter or summer, not spring, is the time for modern love, which contemporary novels, often more reliable than poetry in reporting current life, will prove. Our dry, electric autumn here in the United States, the very opposite of Keats's "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," is followed by a bracing winter through which, adequately heated and brilliantly lit, we move at a constantly increasing pace in cities where none of the old winter disabilities impede us. By March the tension is mounting and nerves are beginning to give way (hence the prosperity of Miami and Palm Beach), so that when spring comes to a machine-made civilization it is like the soft, warm sands of a tropic beach about the tires of a racing automobile, retarding, until the engine idles in the sunlight.

Even on the vast Mississippi plains where the smooth, black furrows roll to the horizon, spring sees the Iowa ploughman change his nervous Ford for the slow rock of a gang plough over unhurried earth. Men talk more, and read less in the "zippy" magazines that vibrate nervousness and synthetic energy; they turn off the radio and hear the bluebirds singing. Throwing the unwanted bottle of spring tonic out of the window we yield, just in time, to relaxation.

The true advantage of a modern spring cannot be properly apprehended while poets still think of Shakespeare's spring and Herrick's and Wordsworth's, when they write vernal poetry. Thomson's "Seasons" is out of date. So is all pastoral poetry, in which active life begins and ends in the spring. Literature, in general, but vaguely comprehends the profound difference wrought in choices, habits, human nature itself by the industrial age. Some few symptoms we catch, but the changes beneath the surface are imperfectly grasped. Just as Shakespeare so often put his renaissance in terms of the Middle Ages, so in a new world whose novelty is so glaring that we seldom detect it, we call exceptional what has become the typical fabric of life itself, and seek, amid circumstances of a compelling novelty, for old habits that we have been taught to comprehend and environment made familiar by our reading. Poetry has lagged behind life.

To a Boy Picking Daisies

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

HO, young and greedy plunderer,
Breast-deep in brindled grass and briers,
In what a comic haste you are
To have what no one else desires!

With what a lovely avarice
The small, selective fingers seize
Each stem! Yet there are prouder plants
Than poor parishioners like these.

Blonde roses on their spiney stalks
With petals marvelously curled . . .
I wonder what your hand will choose
In tangled gardens of the world.

Where hands once happy as your own
Snatch covetously here and there,
Discourteous in their assault
Upon the blossoms known as rare.

In heat and horror they contend . . .
Refrain and keep your fingers cool;
Remember where the flowers grow
As wild as children out of school!

Pick always daisies with delight.
Pick only simple things and true,
Smelling of candor and the sun,
And freshly laundered by the dew . . .

This Week

THE FOREIGN FARM. By *Herbert Quick.*

CLOVEN FOOT AND HORNS. By *Edward C. Streeter.*

A MINISTER'S DIARY. By *William MacDonald.*

Next Week, or Later

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By *R. W. Chapman.*

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The True Romance

By KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT was Rudyard Kipling, teller-of-truths-extraordinary to the generation now middle-aged, who informed us long ago that every age bids Romance farewell, yet entertains, though unaware, the inalterable god. As with Proteus, *"plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose"*; the very variety of Romantic guise somehow proving the indestructible divinity within. In literature, more perhaps than in any other of the arts, fashions change, since the medium is so fluid, the conventions so flexible.

To point out that the romantic novel no longer opens on the figure of the solitary horseman, dear alike to Scott, G. P. R. James, and Stevenson, that castles and dungeons and buried treasure have rather come down in the world and are used only by the lesser order of authors, that heroines are neither so helpless nor so correct as they once were, would not go to the root of the matter. These are trappings; inessential as red plush. The kingdom of trash has inherited the cast-off clothes of the old régime; and if Romance means to you that sort of detail, you can still find it, though not among the masters. True Romance is busy with other material, and is up to other tricks. It never did deal in what Mrs. Meynell called "refuse rhetoric"; nor does it now. The reason why we are all to seek for the whereabouts and manifestation of the Romantic spirit is that Romance itself was discredited for a few decades, and that the faithful had to take the cult into holes and corners, with only the small loot of the temple to help them revive it. The intellectuals were busy setting up other gods with French and Russian names, and children, half-wits, and tired business men had to put up with a very inferior ritual. Literature, to be sure, was provided for them; but it was provided by Zane Grey, and Rex Beach, and George Barr McCutcheon, and Gene Stratton Porter, and Rafael Sabatini, and the much imitated authoress of the "Sheik," and many others whose names will not even come to mind. All these were far from the True Romance.

For the guilt of the intellectuals lay, not in changing literary fashions and sneaking off to make groves, like Ahab and Manasseh, but in misrepresenting Romance to those who would listen. They gave the world to understand that Romance consisted of historical misrepresentation, Machiavellian intrigue, incredible physical adventure, and impossible luck faithfully dogging impossible virtue; that it depended on the God and the Devil of an absurd philosophy, and that it had nothing to do with life—or, which was almost worse, with style.

The facts, of course, were other. The True Romance, which depended for existence on the dreams in the heart of man, the long reaches of human imagination, insisted equally on the validity of human experience. Its imaginings had to be rock-bedded in truth. Veritably romantic conduct was not something you could do with an unreal set of conditions, but something you could do with conditions unchallengeably actual. Conrad, for example, is the real servant of Romance, and H. G. Wells the spurious one. Conrad deals faithfully, logically, with the rare situation, abiding by fact; Wells deals unfaithfully—albeit delightfully—with situations as common as birth and death, setting fact at naught whenever he chooses. After the heat of reading it over, in the quiet hours, we know that Conrad was true and Wells was not. The True Romance forever rejects propaganda and

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special pleading, as it forever rejects materialism. The microscopic slide is all very well, but it is not its business. Nor, one fancies, is "creative evolution." But the people who insist that Romance, to live, must deal with specially invented characters or specially prepared events, belie it wantonly. Romance does not belong in the underworld of letters. It would not pretend that truth was its exclusive affair, but it would justly resent being told that truth was not its affair at all.

The search for Romance is eternal, and, moreover, common to all of us. The pity is that, during the Russianizing period (we got immense aid in our endeavors from our allies the French and our enemies the Germans) people who frankly sought it became intellectually unclassed. Almost anything, at one time, that dealt with man as a free agent, was under the ban. Determinism lay heavy upon fiction, and impulse and accident—though they are large factors in the lives of all of us—were totally discredited. The hero was a victim; the world was never his oyster. He was bowed down under the weight of circumstances over which no gesture of his could give control. The wide public which demands not only surcease from the travail of living but encouragement on its difficult path, had to get along with a literature which was not Romance at all, since it falsified life as completely as any of the naturalistic works then fashionable. There have always been thousands of people who were too busy, too tired, too depressed, to endure Thomas Hardy and George Gissing and William Dean Howells and Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson. Those thousands did not wish novelists to lie to them, but they did long for novelists to tell them some of the more heartening truths: to dwell now and then on the veritable miracle of strength and virtue and gayety that the spirit of man can be. They wished a little happy dalliance with human potentialities rather than with human limitations. They were not asking for Dumas *père*, as was often supposed; they were asking for something more like Balzac. They wanted something besides God's cruelty to His creatures and man's inhumanity to man.

What they got, we all know. They got sentimentality as viscid as a buffalo-wallow; they got an optimism that for sheer immorality ran the fashionable pessimism close; they got an exoticism that made Wardour Street look honest in comparison. They were furnished with every sort of makeshift: from the famous Pollyanna and her well-known congeners to Hichens, Burke, Elinor Glyn, and E. M. Hull. (Ouida had stopped writing.) They got almost every geographical setting possible; almost every conceivable social group; almost every sort of plot. The amount of good local color that has been wasted on poor literature is appalling. No cranny of earth's surface is so remote that some child of Adam cannot, nowadays, bring you back authentic report of it. The social background of fiction, too, has been immensely widened. Types and groups that had never been emphasized in fiction before, appeared, and were meticulously described. All the commercial and scientific developments of the day—from airplanes to "monkey glands"—were seized upon and used. The novelists provided a thousand new "kicks." Yet Romance drooped, neglected.

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The one good gift that the public has received from the general run of modern fiction is journalistic accuracy. Special information is nowadays so cheap and so diffused that fidelity to physical detail—whether it be a matter of Oklahoman oil-fields, or heaped-up spices in the godowns of Zanzibar, or the furnishings of a front parlor in Kalamazoo, or the training of a welterweight—is easily provided. Supply has created demand, too, in this as in other things. We bear less patiently with poor documentation. What we have lost is authenticity of another sort, which the True Romance always endeavored to give us. What boots it that the cowboy's equipment should be recorded to the last detail of fringe and spur, if the cowboy himself is a man the ranges would not recognize for human? How does it profit us to be shown every quirk of a business deal, if the business man is a circus freak? Of what use to us is the most correctly staged catastrophe, if the motions that induced it are unrecognizable and incredible? In some ways, the clever detail has done us a positive disservice: we are too prone to let good photography take the place of authentic psychology. Romance has ever welcomed fresh facts, fresh landscapes, fresh states of mind; only, it must be remembered that these are but a part of life, and that the part cannot flout the whole.

Nor can Romance herself be flouted. If psychologic, or social, situations, rather than physical ones, are the fashion, she will turn those to her service. There are, to be sure, a few authors (a very few) who write superb "yarns," even in our own day—John Buchan, for example, and Edward Lucas White, and the author of "Beau Geste." Horns of Elfland faintly blowing in a world of jazz! Romance, however, concerns herself with most of the planetary moods; and there is no doubt that "Java Head," and "The Sea Bride," and "The Magnificent Ambersons," and "Lovers of Old Louisiana," and "The Age of Innocence," and "The Lost Lady," and "The Little French Girl" suit her every whit as well as tales of solitary horsemen and buried treasure. Every hero, for that matter, is a solitary horseman; every life is a quest for hidden treasure. You find pathetic recognition of this fact in much of the fiction that does not contrive to serve Romance at all. These eager youths and girls, these frustrated citizens and matrons, who stalk their desires through the dreary pages of contemporary fiction—these moon-calves and rotarians and tattooed countesses—are, in their own hearts, solitary, and doubtless hope to find treasure beneath the filth in which they so assiduously poke. They themselves were proper enough stuff for Romance; it is their creators who have gone back on them. Aspiration, willingness to try conclusions with fate, courage in disaster, the preservation of the integral soul—these Romantic signs can be discerned in many of the least convincing novels we are set to read; only, they never took flesh upon them, and never "saw it through." They were sidetracked into untruth before their race was run. This is not a review of authors; but as Mr. Hergesheimer is one of the most loyal servants of Romance we have, one might use him as an example, and point out that when he eschewed style for fashion, as in "Cytherea," he became unfaithful to his chosen divinity—a little thing, to be sure, in the light of "Java Head," and "Tubal Cain," and "Wild Oranges," and "Balisand."

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We shall do best, in this connection, to get rid of the notion that Romance demands either lurid adventures, or conventional emotions, or coincidence worked overtime, or the picturesque letting of blood, or even the happy ending. These are slanders put about by the intellectuals, and have their root in the desperate desire to be "different," even though the human soul has not—according to all available evidence—changed notably within historic times.

> Pure Wisdom hath no certain path
> That lacks Thy morning-eyne,
> And captains bold by Thee controlled
> Most like to Gods design;
> Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
> To lift them through the fight,
> And Comfortress of Unsuccess
> To give the dead good-night—

If you will not admit that anyone ever designs like a god, or wins a fight; or if you deny that there is any pure wisdom or that unsuccess can be comforted—then, of course, the True Romance is no divinity of yours. You belong in the other camp. It should be remarked, however, that the greatest novelists have not, for the most part, been of your opinion. They have always realized that the determination of man to play the game even though the cards appear to be stacked against him is, from the point of view both of the race and the individual, even more important than the non-provable conjecture that the cards *are* stacked; that the mystery of life forever outruns the crowning discoveries of science; that what a man does with what happens to him is even more significant than what happens to him—and that there is neither good sense nor fun in pretending that no one ever comes out on top. We are at present faced by two bodies of fiction: one, wherein heroes and heroines do come out on top, but without any regard to actuality; and another, wherein we wallow in the actual, yet everyone goes down to destruction. With a few notable exceptions—all honor to these!—the fiction reader must make his choice between falsifications. But, while we are waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, let us not be misled—either into thinking that the mid-Western nightmares are realism, or that the happy trash is Romance.

Three Plays

MINICK. By EDNA FERBER & GEORGE S. KAUFMAN. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. $2.

THE GUARDSMAN. By FRANZ MOLNAR. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. $2.

THE FIREBRAND. By EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by RACHAEL FIELD

IT would be hard to find a group of plays that differed more widely in form and subject matter than these three outstanding successes of the current theatrical season, now made available for the reading public. In the matter of scenery alone they range from sixteenth century Florence and the studio of the great Benvenuto Cellini himself, to the gay and most sophisticated artistic circles of modern Vienna, and again to a five-room flat on Chicago's South Side. But all three have this in common,—the peculiar quality which made each one so effective on the stage, is not lost when the play is transferred to the printed page, and the lines, also, manage to keep their vitality without the aid of footlights and the services of skilled players.

Of the three "Minick" reads most easily, perhaps because it started as a short story, (and incidentally the publishers have included this in the volume by way of giving good measure), and perhaps because its appeal is less to the reader's intellect than to his heart. There is nothing very subtle about Old Man Minick and his efforts to live with his married son and daughter-in-law, but there is something tragic, humorous, and at the same time exasperating about him from beginning to end. It is the usual problem of youth and age and the gulf that separates them, and must always do so in spite of affection and family ties. The story is the simple and obvious one of an American father-in-law who comes to live with the younger Minicks in their crowded city flat, where he does not feel at home or count for very much. His revolt against patronizing supervision and his final decision to go to the Old Men's Home and lead his own life among the friends who will give him back his own self-respect make the play, but the humor, insight, and reality of dialogue and characterization are what make us remember it as vividly as if the Minicks lived in the next apartment to ours. I don't say that Old Man Minick is as picturesque a figure out of American folk lore as "Rip Van Winkle," or even "Lightnin'," but he certainly deserves a place on the same park bench with these other stage cronies.

In "The Guardsman" Molnar has written another brilliant play. Sophisticated high comedy this time,—not perhaps so romantically appealing as "The Swan," or packed with the beauty, power, and imagination of "Liliom," but a keen-edged, deft, and spirited satire of piquant characterization, scintillating dialogue, and rarest of all, a humor provocative of thought. It is a tale of a temperamental couple, a Viennese actor and his actress wife. In a scheme to test her love the husband disguises himself as a Russian Guardsman and makes love to her with outrageous finesse. His whirlwind courtship proves too successful for his entire peace of mind, and though the wife insists that she was aware of the masquerade all along and only played up to tease him, still, in the end, the husbnd and the audience, too, are left unconvinced as to the truth of her story. It takes a master to handle the question mark ending. To Molnar it presents no difficulties.

Edwin Justus Mayer has fashioned a merry, at times, a boisterous comedy from an incident in the life of Benvenuto Cellini, one which he frankly admits contains less fact than fancy. Good rollicking entertainment this play of sixteenth century Florence and "The Firebrand," that young Genius who enlivened its ancient streets and palaces with his countless loves and his tilts with the Law. Now and again Mr. Mayer's dialogue seems a trifle too "literary," though for the most part it moves with vigor, ease, and swiftness. Devotees of sixteenth century Florence may take exception to its rather modern flavor, but most readers will only be grateful for the vitality and freshness the author has added to a glamourous old tale.

According to a writer in the English *Outlook*, Glasgow is buying "Webster's International Dictionary" in such numbers as a result of the Cross-Word Puzzle craze that the book now ranks as a best seller.

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"Barriers Burned Away"

LOVE. By "ELIZABETH." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Bromfield.
Author of "The Green Bay Tree."

WE live in ponderous times when biography has an importance perhaps out of all proportion and there exists a strange and inhuman sort of person who says when a novel is mentioned, "Oh! I never read novels." In the days of Victoria pious ladies said the same thing, but for different reasons; they spoke thus because they looked upon the novel as immoral. Though the novel is, beyond all doubt, far more outspoken than it has been since the time of Fielding, piety and priggishness have little to do with the point of view of these superior persons; they do not read novels because somehow they fancy that fiction is not serious, and is a bit unauthentic. While consuming the most fatuous volumes of memoirs they are likely to pass by with a superior shrug such works of art as the novels of Conrad. And this in the day when the novel, of all forms of writing, is the most alive and variable.

By the same sign we arrive at a secondary circle of bluestockings who nourish a sophomoric belief that no novel is worth reading unless it is "real." These are the ones who when "Buried Alive" or "Mr. Prohack" are mentioned, assume the expression of one who has been done a grave injury and say, "What a pity that a man like Mr. Bennett should have wasted his time with such pot-boilers." Perhaps they mean that only ponderous novels provide material sufficiently pompous for the needs of a humorless "study club." There is no attempt at distinction along the lines of good and bad; rather all novels are classed as "serious and real" as against those which are "light."

Obviously if we were to follow these lines of judgment all of Congreve, "Joseph Andrews," most of Molière, "Much Ado About Nothing," and endless other pieces of art would hastily be cast into the discard as "light," as "pot-boilers" which it was a shame for their authors to have written.

By these means the writings of "Elizabeth" have come into many quarters to be looked upon widely as light stuff for ladies to read in hammocks under lilac bushes. Obviously this is nonsense. If one could by some means arrange it so that the quality of humor, a little tinged by spite, would be made contagious, the reviewer for one would gladly place some of our serious young writers where they might be exposed to "Elizabeth." A little leaven would help many a first novel over the stile.

"Love," the latest book of Countess Russell, is one in which women especially should find pleasure. It deals with the always fascinating problem of love between a woman of forty-seven and a young man of twenty-six. There are in the book other varieties of love such, for example, as that preached about by Stephen, the son-in-law of Mrs. Cumfrit, and the love which Stephen, himself older than Mrs. Cumfrit, feels for her twenty-year-old daughter Virginia; but the main thing is the difficulties of love between Mrs. Cumfrit and Christopher.

Psychologically speaking, one might quarrel with the idea that a man so young, so masculine, and so ardent as Christopher would ever have fallen a victim to a woman older than himself by so many years, but this would be to put the novel into the class of ponderous fiction where it does not belong. One is tempted to treat it so only because the author at times displays a new and unaccountable turn away from her usual biting humor in the direction of genuine tragedy. There is something at once pitiful and bitterly ridiculous in the spectacle of Catherine seeking the aid of beauty doctors and quack rejuvenators in a heartrending attempt to destroy the truth and make of Christopher's lovesick illusions a reality.

There is in "Love" very little of the wit and sparkle that colored "The Enchanted April." It represents a mood more severe and more chastened, yet there are moments when all the old sparkle is present, moments when the reader must chuckle aloud at the shrewdness which seems to be the gift of feminine writers and is never quite attained by men. Few scenes have been written which are more penetrating and more true than those between the two mothers-in-law, the one young and gay for her years, the other old by her own desire, hawk-nosed and given to duty.

The tale begins by a chance meeting at a theater and runs its course over the treacherous shoals of family relationships through a series of events which brings about the marriage of Christopher and Mrs. Cumfrit. In the end the revelation of truth comes to the ardent young man. "And they both tried to laugh, but it was a shaky, uncertain laughter, for they were both afraid."

The book wavers a bit between a note of gaiety and one of bitterness, so that the reader is never quite certain how to take it; but always it moves along smoothly from the pen of one who knows how to write. For the benefit of those who "do not read novels" and those who look upon "light" novels with distrust the reviewer wishes boldly to state the belief that some day "Elizabeth" will occupy a niche a little smaller perhaps but similar in design to that of Jane Austen.

An Artistic Triumph

MYRTLE. By STEPHEN HUDSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR
Author of "Latitudes"

THOSE who have followed Mr. Stephen Hudson's development in his series of studies of the Kurt family must have noted that for each new division of his theme he found a new and appropriate form. No two of his books are alike; but their diversity is not at all the result of the author's desire to be novel. They are different from each other because Mr. Hudson always considers his theme fundamentally and extorts from it its true æsthetic shape. This accounts

From "Woodcuts and Some Words," by Gordon Craig (Small, Maynard).

for the very rare pleasure which his novels give, a pleasure unlike any other to be had from contemporary fiction. It is the pleasure one derives from the recognition that the theme is being treated in the best way. And that is never the superficially brilliant way, nor the immediately obvious way; it is the one peculiar and intimate mode in which the theme, after the writer has studied it long and intensely, demands to be articulated. When a theme is treated in this way it achieves organic form; that is, a form which is its own, and which cannot be separated from it, as the form of almost every novel can be.

In "Tony" Mr. Hudson essayed things more technically difficult than he had attempted in "Prince Hempseed." In "Myrtle" his artistic problem is more difficult still. It is to show the childhood, youth, and early womanhood of a very rare character through the eyes of various people, some admirable, some not, who have met her at different times. She appears here and there as if by chance, in London, at Badgastein, Meran, Monte Carlo. She is seen through the eyes of a friend of the family, a poet, an idler, an adventurer, and leaves her impression on young and old, wise and foolish. She enters into the story indirectly, but her position of regard in all these peoples' minds provides her with a stage—a sort of stage within a stage—on which she appears not only with her own vividness but with that of all the associations which have crystallized around her. She is at once remote and a living part of the memory of all the characters in the book. Her delineation at second-hand gives her thus not a fainter but rather an additional reality. It gives her, too, a fine sense of permanence. The figures in the foreground, the narrators of this or that episode in her life, disappear; but she remains by virtue of something which inheres not merely in her position in the book but in her character. Whether Mr. Hudson intended to secure every one of these very fine and subtle effects it is impossible to say; the real artist is shown as much in his unconscious as in his conscious skill. When every touch, indirect as well as direct, serves to strengthen the total effect of a work it is an infallible sign that the imagination has been working continuously. And in "Myrtle" this extreme fineness in the adaptation of parts is achieved. It is a triumph which few novelists will be able to understand, far less to emulate.

Apart from its artistic congruity "Myrtle" impresses one with Mr. Hudson's power of characterization. The book consists of nine monologues, nine self-revelations which are also delineations of Myrtle; and the author has succeeded with all of them. These characters are economically and vividly portrayed; they have that impression of living from their own center which is so rare in fiction, and which is the criterion of genuine creation; and they are various, ranging from tragedy in "Sylvia" to comedy in "Adrian," from the complexity of "Kurt" to the simplicity of the old nurse's soliloquy. One realizes when one has finished that in small compass and with perfect lucidity one has been shown a complete world, packed with drama and with real people. The gallery of characters in "Myrtle" is the most vivid that the author has given us. They are so vivid because of Mr. Hudson's unusually just grasp of the chief passions of men, the things which effectually move them, and the actions which are possible for them, given certain characteristics to begin with. In "Myrtle" the author's scope is greater than it has ever been before.

The demand which we are entitled to make of any work of imagination is that the characters should live entirely in it, derive their truth undividedly from it, and have no part in and receive nothing from the world outside. For when the characters do that it is proof that the novel does indeed mirror a complete world, from which no huge block of reality has been omitted, and that the imagination of the artist has grasped it organically and wholly. To this test Mr. Hudson's work answers. He has not given us "a slice of life," a raw representation of events, but a complete and beautifully articulated world: not a segment merely of the greater world of experience it portrays, but that world itself, clarified, simplified, and divested of its inessentials. Mr. Hudson's work is impressive because he sets down nothing but what is to him permanently true. To do that is to belong to literature.

A Nice Experiment

THE LION TAMER. By CARROLL E. ROBB. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by EDNA KENTON

IT is a positive relief, in these days of insistent delving into the unconscious, to come upon a novel—a first one, by the way—which attempts to deal with a state of nerves by means of the objective method almost entirely. The slips are so comparatively few that one feels a real intention at work behind the pages—an intention to present by dramatic action, rather than by those parts of the writer's equipment known to rhetoric as "description and narration." They have been the easy way for the novelist, but they are the bane of the novel; and the new psychology has lured the novelist even further away from the straight and narrow road that leads to dramatization. In "The Lion Tamer" Carroll Robb offers the simple annals of a coward, without going back to his hero's childhood to sketch for the reader his portentous nightmares and his childish sins, his guilts and fears. He seems to have caught at a fair old truth, the dramatist's truth, that the author, and the spectator, the reader, may sit side by side and look on together

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at an action; that just the present can tell the story of the past and of the future too.

There is plenty of drama, even melodrama, in Mr. Robb's opening chapters. Mart Bannister, aged twenty-six, on board the wooden excursion steamer, the John Christian, the night it burned upon the river, simply left his party, left his "girl," and walked slowly away to what safety he might find. He was saved; so was she—by some one else. And yet he was the Lion Tamer, so recognized by some one of the watchers when he reached the shore.

The taming of the lion was an episode of ten years before, when Mart, aged sixteen had taken his "girl," the same girl—the two seemed to have an affinity for calamities—to the old Behrman & Rossback circus on the night when a lion roamed at large through the circus tent, and crawled finally into a narrow passageway where Mart had been wedged by the panic.

> Suddenly Mart threw himself blindly upon the lion, in an ecstacy of immense excitement; beside himself, ignorant of what he did, he beat with his bare fists upon the creature's cowering head, kicked at its sides, clutched his fingers in its harsh mane. Unconscious of his own words, he was crying out: "You great vulgar beast! You beast, you! What do you think you're doing? Get out of here! Get out! Get out!"

Curious, the validity that Mr. Robb's little method carries here. There is no analysis of fear, of courage, of the beast; just as there is no attempt in the first chapters to explain Mart's quiet departure from the burning boat. "These," he says in effect, "are two things that happened to Mart Bannister, and these, as we see, are his reactions to them." Naturally, one expects him to run away again, and to meet the beast again and fall desperately upon him. Both these things and several others happen within the next two or three crucial days, and they too, as full of the dark psychologic as what has preceded them, are treated just as starkly, and, all oddly, bear up as strongly under the treatment.

"The Lion Tamer" is a very nice little experiment in giving the sense and the feeling of psychological drama in the novel form, with the reader and the writer sitting, as it were, side by side, looking on. Only rarely—these are the slips—does the writer slip away for a little saunter behind the scenes, where the reader may not go. But more than in most novels the omniscient author and judge is conspicuous by his absence. By now the novel has reached the stage where it is in sore need of a few good strong rules to hold its sprawling body within decent bounds; and Mr. Robb seems filled with a real curiosity to test out a few on his own.

Romain Rolland

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE, being Volume I of THE SOUL ENCHANTED. By ROMAIN ROLLAND, translated by BEN RAY REDMAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. $2.00.

L'AME ENCHANTÉE, II, ETE. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Paris: Allendorf.

Reviewed by JEAN CATEL

MONSIEUR ROMAIN ROLLAND, who has not been greatly applauded lately for his writings, goes back to the *genre* which won so many readers to him, the novel showing the progressive development of a character in well-chosen situations.

He remains the professor of truth that he has been. Only in the hope of exerting a broader influence over the minds of men he discards the direct bitter ways of satire and controversy. He comes out of his proud solitude with a new story. "The Soul Enchanted" is the title of the new serial which, according to his own words, "will not be so long as that of Jean Christophe." One grows wise with age. I quite understand Monsieur Rolland being tired of writing satire, impassioned sermons, and desolate appeals. "The Soul Enchanted", here is, at last, serenity, happiness. The first volume has just been translated into English, or rather American. The second volume will follow in the same language.

I feel greatly embarrassed. "Jean Christophe" I read (unto the last page) when I was young, an admirer of Wagner, indifferent to politics, and positive that war was a naughty unreal invention of the past. I liked the book. It was a sentimental, badly written story—just the sort of thing we needed in France to teach us energy, morals, and the contempt for the grace of Monsieur Arouet's prose. I really think I excuse the hero of the book for the mistake he committed in his evaluation of the middle class of France. He probably paid a very dear price for them. And so we have pardoned him.

But here we are again, confronted with a product of literature and this time it is the story of a woman. She is French, too. We may judge her without prejudice. The first volume purposes to introduce Annette, before she launches forth upon the stormy sea. She is an orphan. Little is said of her mother. She was "morosely virtuous—possessed of feelings that were strong but concentrated." Annette's father, on the contrary, is a personality: cynical, the true son of Voltaire, "he was a man of dual nature who knew how to adapt himself to society for the sake of exploiting it." He had a charming smile. He was a seducer. He seduced his daughter who admired and feared him. After his death Annette learns from letters that he left behind that he had an illegitimate child, a daughter, Sylvie.

Annette searches Paris for her sister, finds her and likes her. Sylvie is an uneducated little imp—Annette experiences life at her contact, for the first time. From her she learns what love means, what laughter, what independence. But Annette is bound upon resisting life, under whatever aspects it may come.

* * *

It comes under the usual aspects. But Monsieur Rolland (speaking for Annette, of course) could never like them and once more fights against their vulgarity. Vulgar, the young and handsome Italian whom Annette almost loved; vulgar, the fiancé whom she accepts and then refuses; vulgar, everything—Annette is a pure soul.

All this is very boring. But suddenly comes the real flash. And, though it is in the last pages of the book, it saves it and makes you wish to know further. Annette has decided to suffer. She renounces Roger not because she does not love him (that would be too good a reason, and no credit to her noble nature), but because she cannot admire him. He belongs to that middle-class, you know, of which the writer is a member himself, and so Annette bids him farewell. Where her noble nature comes in is the fact that before disappearing into her solitude she gives herself up to him. It is summer, and everything is ardent and joyous around. But of course Annette is "the soul enchanted." Who would doubt that she is better than her "morosely virtuous mother."

A child is given her. And here the book closes, leaving you with a pain and a sort of obscure exultation.

* * *

The second volume tells of how Annette loses her fortune, her friends, even the spontaneous affection of Sylvie, even the love of a child whom she adores. It is systematic that Annette should go through life in the only enchantment of her soul. She has another love affair which only confirms her in solitude and pride. The book closes with the declaration of war. "War? Which War?" . . . "War? Well, all right! War, peace everything is life, everything is game. . . ." Is that the gist? Game, marriage and love? game, children? game, society? Is it Annette, the daughter of a middle-class Parisian, speaking; is it Romain Rolland himself? Let us wait for the next volume to answer. The pages where Annette is described to us, suffering and struggling like a thing of flesh, are finely ingrained with emotion. They are the only ones that have style.

And this brings us to a great question. Romain Rolland is one of the poorest writers of this time. I know he does not care. I know he despises "form" and "words" for words' and form's sake. Yet a man who writes sentences like these: "Pauvre Roger! Il était ce qu'il était. On ne lui en veut pas. Mais on ne se changera pas. Ni lui, ni moi. On ne peut pas vivre ensemble," is unfortunately a writer whose imperative need is to fill up volume after volume.

Romain Rolland is at his worst with metaphors and other ornaments. It is well to despise them. It is better to dispense with them. Who would write such things as: "Elles risquaient de la livrer à toutes les surprises de la violence, de la faiblesse, de la chair, de la pensée, aux hasards insidieux du destin embusqué au tournant d'une minute, sous les pierres du chemin." Who? When the translator wisely supresses "au tournant d'une minute" he disowns the original. He has not done it often, to say the truth. Usually he keeps closely to the French, making it sound still more artificial, as any translation of a mediocre style is apt to do. His use of enthuse to render "s'extasia" is unforgivable. His "concoct some new deviltry" for "préparer une malice nouvelle" seems an unfair parody. And I do not see that deviltry is here better suited than devilry. Can Mr. Mencken explain?

The Later Huysmans

THE OBLATE. By J-K. HUYSMANS. Translated by EDWARD PERCEVAL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

CONVERSION stalked J-K. Huysmans behind the cover of new literary material. In the late 80's, naturalism as a doctrine tumbled under the blows of Bourget, Barrès, and Anatole France. Huysmans, once a member of the group of Médan, had been disgusted a long while by the crude materialism of Zola and Charcot; and turned toward diabolism, mediævalism, and the mysteries of the soul consciously as an escape. He seems at first to have been entirely ignorant of the truth that his interest in the black mass and the perversions of Gilles de Rais was not entirely professional and technical. There are on record letters of his asking for documentation on the contemporary state of the black arts, and making frank confession of a purely literary interest. But "Là Bas" proved to be something of an elaborate, highly colored blasphemy, a kind of protective mechanism against a profound inevitable faith. The Church was drawing the author; and the bolt of blasphemy once shot, Huysmans found himself face to face with belief in a personal God, and the ordeal of conversion. Conversion did follow, and from it flowed two magnificent books, "En Route" and "La Cathédrale," and a number of minor ones.

But the subject-matter placed by the new orientation at the disposal of Huysmans's style, his *sauce âpre de langue,* was not unlimited. The volume recently translated by Edward Perceval shows commencing failure. The history of Durtal's oblature among the Benedictines is tedious and flat beside the history of his retreat in La Trappe d'Igny and his stay in Chartres. Violence, exasperation, and cold sensuality are the very elements of this genius, and "The Oblate" reveals the author grown benign, charitable, even, and perhaps a little *ga-ga.* George Moore's young man, feeling a page of Huysmans, in his London lodging, as "a dose of opium, a glass of some exquisite and powerful liqueur," would have found a weak tea, only, in "The Oblate." There are a few good pages on the plain chant, the Burgundian school of painting, and the master of Flemalle, in it. Huysmans could not fail to be interested by primitive art. We are also given the mediæval legend of Chosroes, King of Persia, who gave himself out to be God the Father, and the catalogue of the herbs and flowers in the garden of Walafrid Strabo. There are even a few pages of exasperated prose: the arrival of Mme. Bavoil on the railway platform at Dijon, and Durtal's last malicious address to Heaven on the expulsion of the congregations, bring momentarily again the fine violences of the earlier books. But pages in any way comparable to the scene of Bluebeard's trial in "Là Bas," or the description of the singing of the De Profundis in "En Route," or of the stained glass of Chartres in "La Cathédrale," do not exist in it; and Huysmans without his precise, heavily enameled, and solidly architectured pages is a conjurer who does no tricks.

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A National Institution

KING EDWARD VII: A BIOGRAPHY. By Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. I: From Birth to Accession. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

Reviewed by Robert Livingston Schuyler
Columbia University

A BIOGRAPHY of the most popular of modern English kings by one of the most distinguished of living English biographers cannot fail to be widely read and commented upon. Sir Sidney Lee's interest in the fortunes of English royalty is not of recent growth. His "Life of Victoria," published more than twenty years ago, remains historically the most useful biography of the Queen, even if Mr. Strachey's sparkling literary masterpiece forbids our calling it the most brilliant, and there is little doubt that his latest work will long be cited as the most comprehensive account of the career of her successor. Ground was broken for it when Sir Sidney prepared for the "Dictionary of National Biography," of which he has long been editor, an article on Edward VII that was published in 1912. Since then, as he tells us, he has devoted years of labor and thought to the further study of his chosen subject. The present volume deals with the career of King Edward during the long period—just short of sixty years in duration—in which as Heir Apparent he stood on the steps of the throne; a second and concluding volume, which is promised for publication in the near future, will cover the years of his kingship.

The author was given exceptional facilities for research in unpublished sources by King George, at whose request this biography of his father was undertaken. In particular, he was permitted to examine the Royal Archives at Windsor and the papers of King Edward that are in Queen Alexandra's care at Marlborough House, London. Numerous collections of letters written by the King to friends and men prominent in public life were placed at his disposal, and he had the advantage of conversations with persons who had been on terms of intimacy with the King. The veil of secrecy that surrounds the records of the British Foreign Office for recent years was partially lifted for his benefit; and the privilege of access to the Archives of the Russian Embassy in London made it possible for him to throw some valuable light upon the equivocal diplomatic activities of the King's nephew, the Kaiser, during the Boer War.

* * *

In view of the training to which he was subjected in childhood and youth it is surprising that King Edward did not become either a prig or a mere libertine. With the best of intentions—all of his intentions were good—Prince Albert, with the aid of his mentor, Baron Stockmar, set out upon the hopeless task of making a scholar out of a boy to whom systematic study and book learning were always repulsive. Early in the life of the Prince of Wales, Albert and Victoria, under Stockmar's well-meant but ill-advised promptings, conceived a nervous fear that the Prince would be ruined in youth by dissolute companions, after the manner of his disreputable great-uncle, George IV. In consequence, he was kept in a state of virtual isolation so far as the companionship of boys of his own age was concerned, although, as his biographer tells us, he "always hungered for the society of his fellows" and "was never happy without a congenial companion." On the rare occasions when carefully selected aristocatic youngsters were permitted to visit the Prince, his father was invariably present, with effects upon the spirits of the youthful company that can easily be imagined. Lord Melbourne, the Queen's first Prime Minister, gave her some worldly-wise advice upon the subject of her heir's up-bringing, and some years later, when the Prince was approaching adolescence, Lord Granville strongly recommended that he be "mixed up with others of his own age away from home." But such sage counsel, unfortunately, had little effect, and under a succession of "tutors" and "governors" the stern paternal code of education was applied to the unfortunate victim with unremitting diligence. Prince Albert was not content to provide for the education of a boy; he was seeking to direct the evolution of a political and social institution! "Upon the good education of Princes, and especially of those who are destined to govern," he wrote, at a time when the revolutionary movements of '48 were making the occupants of all thrones uneasy, "the welfare of the world in these days greatly depends."

Even when the Prince of Wales was sent to Oxford, and later to Cambridge, he was not permitted to live in a college but was required to reside in a separate establishment under the control of a personal "governor"; while at Cambridge he was discreetly located four miles from the university! The blockade so rigidly maintained against youthful companionship no doubt insured the Prince's morals from contamination in his early life. In his eighteenth year he was sent, under strict surveillance, to Rome for a course in art, archæology, and instructive sight-seeing. Victor Emmanuel, wishing to entertain him, invited him to enter Italy by way of Turin, the Sardinian capital. But Victoria and Albert feared for their son's virtue under the hospitable roof of *il re galantuomo*, and it was arranged that the Prince should enter Italy by the morally safer route over the Brenner Pass. The irony of Cavour's remark that the Prince would not lose his innocence in Turin if he brought with him *cette qualité précieuse*, would not, if apprehended have been relished by the Queen and her husband.

* * *

Even the death of his father, soon to be followed by the Prince's coming of age and his marriage, did not put an end to the parental policy of repression. A mistaken sense of loyalty to the memory of her consort told the Queen that she must carry out his every wish. She convinced herself that she owed her son, in Sir Sidney Lee's words, "that magisterial guidance in all relations which his father would have given him had he lived," and for years to come she continued to treat him as one "permanently incapable of adult responsibilities or confidences." Her widowed seclusion, long maintained, and the withdrawal of the Court from Society, had, inevitably, some liberating effect upon the Prince, and his long reign as *arbiter elegantiarium*, some phases of which were to cause the Queen distinct uneasiness, began soon after his father's death. Marlborough House, the Prince's London establishment, supplanted Buckingham Palace as the social center of England, and the Queen permitted her heir to represent her in the ceremonial reception of foreign sovereigns and in the patronage of enterprises of philanthropy and social welfare. But she resolutely excluded him from any participation in the political functions of the monarchy. She had small trust in his discretion and was unwilling to give him access to confidential intelligence. Not until his personal friend, Lord Rosebery, become Foreign Secretary in 1886 when the Prince was in his forty-fifth year, were the foreign despatches forwarded to him, and he had passed fifty before he was permitted to read the reports of cabinet meetings which the prime minister regularly transmitted to the sovereign.

* * *

It was as leader of society, man of the world, sportsman, and patron of worthy causes that the Prince of Wales appeared to his contemporaries. In his "English Constitution," written when the Prince was in early manhood, Bagehot spoke of him as "an unemployed youth;" and at the time of his accession to the throne there were serious doubts as to his qualifications for occupying it. This biography reveals for the first time the full sweep of his interest in affairs of state. It shows conclusively that he was unemployed through no wish of his own. In 1872 he sketched a plan for his attachment to various governmental offices in order that he might learn at first hand the business of the different departments of state, but the Queen defeated all proposals for his employment "which involved sustained and continuous responsibility." On more than one occasion it was proposed by ministers that the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, shorn of its partisan character, should be conferred upon the Prince and that he should be given an official Irish residence, but the Queen's relentless veto was not to be overridden.

It was in the days when English public life was dominated by the personality of Lord Palmerston that the Prince's interest in politics was first aroused, and to the fundamentals of the Palmerstonian creed in foreign and domestic policy he remained faithful throughout his life. Politics as a game seems to have a strong appeal to his sporting instinct; his habit of frequenting the Peers' Gallery in the House of Commons was formed when Disraeli, as leader of a House in which his party was in a minority, was exhibiting all of the dexterity and nerve of a tight-rope walker in his efforts to avoid a fall. The making and breaking of ministries engaged the Prince's eager attention, and his absorbing interest in the competition among aspirants to office seems to have been akin to his well-known zest for the turf. Nor, despite maternal *caveats*, was he content to view the political scene as a mere spectator. His incursions into politics, though unknown to the contemporay public, are described in this biography in plentiful detail. He was assiduous in recommending appointments to office and bestowals of honors, and his intervention, though not always successful, was frequently influential and seems occasionally to have been decisive. His appeal to the Queen to send for Gladstone, following the fall of the Beaconsfield ministry in 1880, undoubtedly played a part in persuading her to accept as her prime minister a statesman whom she cordially disliked.

The changes and chances of international politics possessed a permanent fascination for the Prince. He watched every move on the chess-board of European diplomacy with a concern that grew more alert as the years passed by. Though long denied official documentary information regarding the foreign relations of his country, he was on intimate terms with his mother's prime ministers and foreign secretaries and with many British and foreign diplomats, and he never hesitated to engage in conversation and correspondence with them on questions of foreign policy. Disraeli once spoke of him as "one who has seen everything and knows everybody," and from a host of friends and acquaintances at home and abroad he learned much. His numerous relatives on or near foreign thrones supplied him with the talk and gossip of the courtly circles of Europe, and some of it was important.

* * *

The student of international affairs, especially he who seeks to uncover the roots of the World War, will find much new matter in this volume, and no doubt also in the one that is to follow, to arrest his attention. He will be enabled to trace the growth of that affection for France which the Prince formed early in life and which, though at times subjected to severe strain, was to find its consummation, after he had come to the throne, in the *entente cordiale*. He will see under what influences the Prince's Russophobia came to be so modified that he could consider seriously the possibilities of an Anglo-Russian agreement. Above all, he will be able to follow the growth of that mutual suspicion and estrangement between the Prince and his nephew, the Kaiser, which was to yield its harvest of evil. The responsibility for this momentous family feud the Prince's biographer seeks to place squarely on the Kaiser's shoulders, but from the facts as presented the open-minded reader will see faults of temper and temperament on both sides. The family relations of European royalty had little chance to develop in a natural and healthy spirit when the whole atmosphere of international and interdynastic relations was poisoned by courtly intrigue and diplomatic chicane, and in this, the evidence goes to show, the Prince was not wholly unversed. Consider, for example, the following account of what Sir Sidney Lee calls a "friendly talk" between the Prince and Alexander III of Russia in 1887:

> The Tsar and the Prince had not met of late, but the sympathetic atmosphere encouraged friendly intercourse in spite of current political dissention. The thorny phases of Anglo-Russian relations were avoided. But the Tsar and the Prince found in the dubious character and aims of Prince William of Prussia, who was nearing his accession to the German throne, a theme on which they found themselves in agreement. The Prussian Prince had already courted the Tsar's favour by slandering his uncle and by pandering to the Tsar's political suspicions and dislike of England. The Prince had no difficutly in dispelling the equivocal impressions which Prince William had sought to leave on the Tsar's mind, by pointing to the dangers lurking in his nephew's wild militarist ambitions. Those ambitions might, the Prince suggested, in spite of all Prince William's fair words to the Russian ruler, find a vent in an attack on Russia as readily as on England or France.

If this shows that the Kaiser was trying to make trouble between Russia and England, it shows, equally, that the Prince of Wales was trying to

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make trouble between Russia and Germany. But this is not a point that Sir Sidney was interested in proving! A careful reading of this volume has convinced the present reviewer that the Kaiser, while he often showed extraordinarily bad manners in his relations with his uncle, had at the same time legitimate grounds of complaint against him. The author's treatment of the Kaiser, to which he invites attention in his preface, is the least satisfactory part of this volume. The case against the Kaiser as a man and as a statesman is strong enough when the record is left to speak for itself; it is not strengthened by the use of epithets and characterizing phrases that betray personal animus on the part of the writer.

In the course of some reflections on the principles of biography, published a good many years ago, Sir Sidney Lee wrote: "It is often the biographer's anxious duty to present great achievements in near alliance with moral failings." Nobody would wish that he had turned his Life of the Prince of Wales into a *chronique scandaleuse*, for which, it has generally been supposed, the Prince's career affords abundant data. But it is questionable whether he has done the late King's reputation any service by keeping silent as to the facts of one side of his life, with such extenuating circumstances as there may have been, and at the same time throwing out occasional and wholly unsupported innuendoes and equivocal allusions; and it is certain that thereby he has been unfaithful to a principle of biography enunciated by **himself.**

The Working of Revolution

THE SOCIOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1925.

Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott
Harvard University

SINCE the publication of the work of Le Bon there has been no such remarkable and interesting as well as instructive study of this great sociological subject written as this book—and Professor Sorokin has had advantages in writing it which were denied to his French predecessor, for he has seen and experienced revolution at first hand. He has worked, so to speak, in a laboratory of revolution. He was, indeed, not able to set down his conclusions there; for, banished from Russia in 1922, he wrote his book in the more hospitable atmosphere of Czecho-Slovakia. Nor can he be regarded as reactionary, for he was at the beginning of the troubles in Russia not merely the head of the department of sociology in the University of Petrograd, but one of the leaders of the moderate revolutionary party, editor of *The Will of the People*, a member of the All-Russian Peasants' Soviet, and of the Constitutional Assembly. He is, in fact, a liberal of the liberals, not an aristocratic *emigré* and though as a result of his experiences in endeavoring to carry out his "cultural, moral, and indirectly political purposes" under the Bolshevist government, having been imprisoned three times, condemned to death and finally exiled, he has, as his editor tells us, ceased to be either socialist or revolutionary since 1918, he can certainly not be regarded as either reactionary or theoretical in his point of view.

And what is the result of his study of Russian revolution? It is, briefly, the most damning indictment of that régime which has yet appeared, the more damning in that it is based in very large part not only on his personal experience and observation but on the Bolshevist documents. Beside its objective and curiously detached description of the Revolution and its results the most violent diatribes of the opponents of Bolshevism sink into insignificance, and the accounts of those who have visited Russia as guests of the government and have come back to defend it are almost laughable. Yet this book is not merely an account of the Russian revolution, it is a careful study of revolution in general. It ranges over the whole subject, in ancient and modern times. It is as concerned with one of the best descriptions of revolution ever written—that of Thucydides on Corcyra—as it is with the events in France of the eighteenth century or Russia in the twentieth. It has to do with the physical and psychological effects of the breakdown of order and law—or what are sometimes called more or less contemptuously "inhibitions"—of religion and morality, upon masses of people, in such times of stress.

And it is not a pretty picture which Professor Sorokin paints. The reversion of civilized people to savagery and sometimes intelligent and cultivated savagery, is not a cheerful prospect even to those who labor under the delusion that revolution is a constructive and controllable force in human development. Beside his dispassionate description of the horrors which enfolded his country the most passionate rhetorical denunciation seems pale and weak. Whatever antipathy we all had for the repressive system of the Czarist régime, however much he himself opposed it, one is almost compelled to revise the old estimate of its severity, and regard it as on the whole beneficent and humane in comparison with the triumph of its enemies. "Before the revolution," he tells us, to take one instance,

> it was utterly unheard of that any one should be put to death because he had spoken against the Czar, or confessed his religion, or written a proclamation, or reported some irregularity to the authorities, or for having said a word of opposition to some minor official, or for not having paid his taxes, or simply for nothing at all, because somebody had reported against him. Anything remotely approaching this state of things was utterly impossible and unthinkable. . . . During the last revolutionary years these executions for no reason whatever have become a daily occurrence.

To this he adds an illuminating table. From 1881 to 1905 the average number of yearly executions was about 15; between 1917 and 1922 the lowest figure he can find indicates that 600,000 persons were killed by the Tcheka without trial, and the phrase "collective retribution" took its place in political phraseology.

One of the most interesting phases of such movements indeed, he finds in such phrases as part of the "megalomania" or "mania of grandeur" which invents "slogans" to cover the lack of ideas or worse —"class struggle," "nationalization," the "dictatorship of the proletariat," "the discovery of a new era," and like shibboleths, of exaggerated sound and little substance. Such is the picture he paints as against the "romantic fantasy" which many persons have of revolution as a noble and heroic force in human progress. It is the most direct and terrible indictment of that fallacy which has yet appeared, not excepting the work of Taine. It will be widely read, and it should be read more widely than it will be; for it deals with realities. It is no argument against liberalism and what is known as "progress"; but if it teaches no other lesson it seems to convey the idea that revolution is by no means the beneficent force that it has so often been painted, that it is not merely a reaction against previous cruelty, that it is reactionary not progressive as a social force, a reversion to barbarism not an advance toward higher civilization, and that it is a curse, not a blessing. Against these doctrines there will unquestionably be bitter protest by those who, without the knowledge or experience of Professor Sorokin still regard the Russian upheaval as a step in the upward progress of the race, not as a débâcle. But in their controversy with him they will find his facts, and the reports of the Bolshevists which he quotes, stubborn opponents. Yet whatever one believes, whether he is for or against revolution, he will have to take serious account of this remarkable volume.

The Foreign Farm

FARM LIFE ABROAD. By E. C. Branson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by Herbert Quick
Former Member, Federal Farm Loan Bureau

MR. BRANSON was in Germany, then in Denmark, and finally in France in 1923 and 1924 studying farm life in those countries. He was studying the subject taught by him in North Carolina. As he observed, he wrote, and his letters were written for publication in the press of his state. It is encouraging to know that such was the demand for them that they have been embodied in this book. It is popular in form; for it was written for the people: but it is all the better for that. The serial method of publication gives it the attractiveness of freshness. One may see that his letters from Germany would not have taken quite the same form if he had waited to write them until after he had visited Denmark; but that again is not a fault. While the book is written as an appeal to the North Carolina people to study the farm life of other peoples that they may plan their escape from the dangers which lower over their own society, it is quite as significant to any other state of America.

The book is not gloomy, though it is plain that Dr. Branson is filled with apprehensions as to the future of rural life in America—and that means, of course, as to the whole fabric of our national life. For all such men see that the ruin of our rural life means the wreck of our civilization. He gives us an occasional observation which shows what is in his mind: Like this:

> The cities may fester and rot in every land under conditions of modern life, but a nation is safe if only its country regions be sound—that is to say, if there be any country civilization left. Which does not seem likely in another generation or two in North Carolina and other industrial states, unless the cityward drift can be checked and livable community life developed for country-minded people whose nature turns them toward the country—the people, say, who have the taste of sweet gum buds or sage brush in their souls. There are many such people, but year by year it is less and less possible for them to live out in the country regions of America.

This is a terrible utterance to any mind which will weigh it—terrible, because it is true.

He was delighted with the results of German farming, but depressed by the stark, desperate labor, so much of which is done by women on their knees in the fields. He went from Germany filled with the belief that Germany will not blow up in any explosion of Bolshevism, because "not Berlin, but the home-owning peasants are Germany today"—home-owning peasants who have paid off their mortgages in worthless paper money and are largely debt-free. And yet financiers wonder why farmers have a *flair* for "cheap money." German peasants have not made the mistake of hoarding this depreciating money, nor of wasting it in riotious living. They have deliberately pursued the policy of buying more property with it, and of improving what they had. Going in debt if need be, only to see their debts wiped out by the next depreciation of the mark. While the people who had depended on money incomes were starving in Germany, the peasants were rich and getting richer every day—they and men like Stinnes, who also kept profiting in the disappearance of the debts through which he acquired his vast properties. The lesson which Dr. Branson gleaned from German farm life is, in the main, that their compact village community life enables them to coöperate, and coöperation benefits them greatly, economically and in every way.

* * *

Mr. Coolidge's Agricultural Commission, faced, whether it realized it or not, by the impending ruin of our civilization by the wrecking of our rural life, could find nothing better to plan than a fostering or stimulation of coöperation among the farmers. I am not criticising them: I am inclined to believe that of things within the scope of attainment at present they acted wisely. Dr. Branson found in Denmark a rural life raised to a plane of which the German farm-dwellers do not even dream; and that by means of the three levers of almost universal ownership of farms by those working them, of coöperation developed through the initiative of the farmers themselves and building from the bottom up to a complete command of the business of the nation, and of universal education. He found none of the "Man with the Hoe" farming, which depressed him so in Germany, and later in France. Danish women do not work in the fields. Their farms are equipped, even the little garden-plot farms, with dish-washers, electric motors for doing everything which can be done by them, and the field work is done as far as possible by machinery. One Danish commentator insisted in accounting for this to Dr. Branson by saying that the Danish farmer is just naturally lazy, and studies to avoid slavish work. But our American sociologist of rural life sees that what the Dane does is to use his brain. He has developed a genius for organization. When he has grown something for the market, his work is ended—he turns it over to his coöperative society, and it delivers it, prepares it for market in its own packing-house or factory, finances its shipment, and carries it to a foreign land in its own ships if necessary. Every Danish farmer belongs on the average to some six or eight coöperatives.

It is a wonderful story. And it has come through the development of a race of clods who were serfs a hundred and thirty years ago. They now command the state. They keep their king on the job, as do the British, because on the whole it seems just as well—but he dwindles every year. The farmers know they could send him packing at the end of his present salary period if they cared to do it.

How do the cities and their business fare under the control of such farmers? Dr. Branson finds them more prosperous than any other city-dwellers he saw—and they are satisfied with the social and

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political conditions. We may as well leave Dr. Branson in Denmark. He studied French rural life afterwards, but it was for me an anti-climax. French and German farm-dwellers are better off economically than they ever were. The Danish farmers, like the Americans, are finding themselves in a depression after the war; but even so, they are a millennium (one is tempted pessimistically to say) ahead of us, or the French or the Germans.

I hope the book will do North Carolina much good. She needs good done to her. The percentage of tenant-farmers in North Carolina is twenty or more times as large as in Denmark; but North Carolina is in this no worse than most of our farming states—and they are all getting worse every year—in spite of the somewhat deceptive statistics of the Census Bureau. Therefore, Dr. Branson's excellent book ought to do good everywhere, if its truths fall on fertile soil as seed for thought. That is the trouble—to find the fertile soil.

I have two criticisms to make of it. A book written by an economist ought not to leave us utterly in the dark as to the basis of all rural (and other) life, the land system. Here we have in Denmark a race of farmers who have in some seventy-five years become the owners of the soil on which they were serfs. How have they done this? One author takes an atttiude towards this most vital question which an uncharitable critic would term evasion. We do get a mere statement of the seizing by the state of the church lands and of portions of the great estates of the nobles, but that is all. At what price does the Danish farmer get his land? On what terms? Are lands going up in price? If not, why not? What was that change in the taxation system to which he refers where he says: "The recent reform in the taxation of land values was a farmer reform." It seems that the University of North Carolina ought to ask Dr. Branson to write a monograph on the subject.

I wish, too, that he had given us a chapter on the education of the farmers' children, from the time they enter school until they are ready for the Folk life should be a new and different kind of rural school—the kind which Superintendent Tobin of the Cook County, Illinois, schools is struggling to attain in his rural districts. If he will go back and study what the Danes are doing in primary and secondary instruction (for I assume it is something worth while) I shall read it as eagerly as I did the book under review.

Cloven Foot and Horns

GUI PATIN AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN PARIS IN THE XVIIth CENTURY. By Francis R. Packard, M.D. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by Edward C. Streeter, M. D.
Associate Editor, *Annals of Medical History*

IT is a lapse from Hyperion to a shockingly inferior character to turn from Dr. Packard's recent "Life of Paré" to the contemplation of his new hero Patin. We find the redoubtable Dean of these present chapters a very pervasive, petulant, hot little Sir who thunders his cavillations as though he were a second St. Bernard; he is a querulous obstructionist and on the whole rather a puny type of being. Patin, however, cannot be lightly passed over, for all his lack of human excellencies. His influence upon medicine was potent for a time, and in some respects bracing. His famous letters to the Belins, the Spons, and to Falconet hold an accredited place in the capital literature of Europe of the seventeenth century. The range of his intellectual interests was wide indeed for a draggle-tail bigot. His acquaintance with the basic human situation was uncanny for a bibliomaniac; he did some measure of service in defending the ancient privileges of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, in restoring Greek traditions, in exposing incompetence within the profession. When you have said that, you have said all, however. The rest is demerit and woe.

The essential wrong-mindedness, malice, and obduracy of Patin are faults which would sorely try the patience of a biographer less genial than Dr Packard. Patin was self-appointed thongman of his kind; as choice a specimen of the *genus irritabile* as can be found in the entire gallery of the little masters of satire. He was satiric from his head to his feet. His coevals put it mildly when they said of him that his hat, collar, cloak, his doublet, stockings, and boots all shouted defiance to the world. Even Voltaire admitted that the man's writings were "disfigured by malignity," that he was an "unfaithful guide to history." He was a crafty controversialist, but with such an envenomed tongue that men would not allow the good he had done to live after him. An improvident prince of slanderers, he slandered his well-dowered wife, his father-in-law, his friends, and benefactors.

Patin's encounters with the apothecaries, barbers, arabians, spagyrics, empirics, and charlatans of his time furnish amazingly good copy for a biographer. In some of his tilts with his contemporaries the Dean was sore bested and came out of the fray woefully *épidermée*. He stood with the younger Riolan against William Harcey and Jean Pecquet, against Montpellier and the provincial schools of medicine, against the use of antimony and the introduction of Cinchona. He had a prime instinct for disaster, like the "farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty." He was no lover of novelty in any guise whatsoever. The illiberal Faculty of which he was titular head out-heroded Herod in opinionative absurdity and fatuity. Fighting became the breath of the nostrils of the Dean. "It is necessary in this world to be either the hammer or the anvil," he said.

From a woodcut by Allen Lewis for "Paul Bunyan," by James Stevens (Knopf)

Our man did not entirely isolate himself from the good. He retained a few friends—Gabriel Naudé, Pierre Gassendi—for an occasional "philosophic debauch." Above the groaning shelves of his great study ran an admired gallery of living and dead worthies, a score of well-considered portraits of heroes (whom, however, he maligned on occasion). Patin appears to have been kindly affected toward his exiled son Charles, toward Fernel's writings and Bacon's. In the presence of a few men—but only a few, the Riolans, the Pietres, Moreau—he checked his scurrility, abated the furious spirit of mockery which was in him. Censoriousness did not stiffle his initiative, for Patin took an active hand in the reissuing of several approved and classical works on medicine.

"Such as divide the hoof, do also double the horn," said Aristotle. The cloven hoof and duplicate horns, bearing "old dints of deepe woundes," are obvious enough in the case of Gui Patin. Perhaps we have given undue place and effect to these excrescences. The spirited account of the man and his age which Dr. Packard has given us, based and established upon the correspondence of the Dean, may offer a proper corrective to our view. At any rate in this anecdotal memoir and history will be found rare entertainment, and it will profit anyone who has only come to apprehend the curious figure of Patin through the work by Pierre Pic to take this fresh level of the scale of his parts and to study the fierce contentious hierophant of the Faculty of Paris from an American angle.

A Minister's Diary

AROUND THE HORN TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND CALIFORNIA, 1845-1850. Being a Personal Record kept by Chester S. Lyman. Edited by Frederick J. Teggart. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. $3.50.

Reviewed by William MacDonald

PROFESSOR LYMAN, well known to the older graduates of the Sheffield Scientific School through a connection of thirty-two years with that institution, sailed from New York in October, 1845, primarily in search of health and incidentally of such scientific or other knowledge as a journey to the then remote regions of the Hawaiian Islands and California might bring. Like many men of his generation he kept a diary, in which he noted from day to day most of the things he did and pretty much everything that he saw, together with reflections on manners and morals, particularly morals, and speculations regarding the future of the societies which he encountered. The voyage took him around Cape Horn, gave him glimpses of Valparaiso, Callao, and Lima, and landed him at Honolulu in May, 1846. After some thirteen months in the Islands, part of the time as head of the School for Young Chiefs which had been established there in 1839, he went to San Francisco, where he remained, with frequent expeditions into the nearby country, for about three years, returning to New York by way of Panama in June, 1850.

Lyman had studied for the ministry, and for a short time had served a Congregational parish at New Britain, Connecticut. His tastes, however, were predominantly scientific, and although he continued during his travels to officiate in various clerical capacities as occasion offered, and wrote with satisfaction of what he did in this direction, he was not without a sense of humor, and from time to time exhibits intimations of an open mind towards matters of faith and moral practice. At Valparaiso, for example, he makes the following entry in his diary:

> Case of casuistry Mr. Robinson (Eng.) had married under Catholic form a native woman who proved unfaithful to him. By law here there is no divorce (marriage being a sacrament). Afterward he finds a woman with whom he lives as his wife happily and has a large family, tho' not legally married. Query?

The missionary work in the Islands, to which he paid special attention, appeared to him at first to be in a flourishing state, notwithstanding that the edge of a religious revival which had swept the region a few years before had a good deal worn off. Candor, however, compels him to record that hard drinking was rife and the moral level low. After some months of travel he could only conclude that "the whole nation is rotten with licentiousness," and the many instances of moral lapse which he industriously collects, and for which his Puritan conscience gives him an unerring scent, certainly indicate that the life of the Christian natives was not yet one of self-denial. What is to be said, however, for missionary methods which furnish the following incident, recorded by Lyman with all due gravity?

> Mr. Lyons suspecting that many of his flock were guilty of smoking, which was an excommunicable offense, made enquiry of persons out of the Church and thus got a list of the delinquents. Calling a church meeting he read off the list of offending members when they one after another rose in indignation and left the house, full of hatred against the minister. A thousand members in the vicinity of the station immediately became only about a hundred. . . . In a similar manner a large portion of the Church at Kealakekua were cut off.

One is not surprised, after this exploit, to find the prediction that "in fact the prospect of the native Hawaiian for the future is extremely dark."

Fortunately, Lyman's concern about morals and missions did not prevent him from attending to other things at least equally interesting and on the whole more profitable. He made detailed observations of Mauna Loa and its great crater Kilauea, compiled material for maps, and sent to scientific jounals in the east veritable accounts of the condition of the volcano at the time which enhanced his reputation. Arriving in San Francisco, then only an unkempt and disorderly village, in July, 1847, he took the job of surveying San José, and upon the news of the discovery of gold went for two months to the diggings. A long letter contributed to the *American Journal of Science* is noted by the editor as "probably the first authentic account which reached the east" of the gold fever. Enriched by some $1,600 in profits from mining and surveying, he re-

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turned to San Francisco, went back once more to the diggings as a trader, and thereafter busied himself about the Bay with surveying and clerical service until his return to New York.

Professor Teggert, who has edited the journal with scholarly painstaking, has reduced the original bulk of the manuscript about one-half by the omission of unimportant matter, and supplied names in place of Lyman's abbreviations. The work was well worth doing, for the diary, in addition to being entertaining reading, is an historical source of real value.

A Gladiator of Our Time

JOHN L. SULLIVAN. By R. F. DIBBLE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY

THE greatest test of a book dealing with a certain phase of life is whether or not sophisticated livers of that phase can call it the real thing.

I remember writing to H. L. Mencken after a chapter of this book had appeared in his magazine "It has everything but life," and after reading the entire book I have nothing to retract.

No man save Borrow has written sympathetically or knowingly about bruisers. And Borrow was liable at any time to pause in the middle of an interesting description to jabber about his pet ruin of the world called popery.

It seems that I have read somewhere that Mr. Dibble is a college professor. As such I hope he is a success. He is to be congratulated for his interest in an interesting phase of life as is evidenced by his writing of John L. Sullivan. That he did not scratch the veneer on this granite figure can be laid to his academic training. In a world that is hungry for reality, when whole patches of life forever pass into oblivion for the lack of recorders, one should not be too harsh with one who really attempted to catch a glimmer of pugilism.

The fault with this book is its lack of human interest. Mr. Dibble tells anecdotes about the obvious. We know that John L. was more or less illiterate. But he did know his stuff . . . and would that all editors and professors knew as much. Nowhere in this book could I meet the great mad blustering Falstaffian bruiser who had liquor stains on his badly fitting dress suit and who used to say to me, "Jimmy, the damned things are made for waiters to wear."

I first met John L. when I was fifteen. I was a hero worshipper then, but I had a strange gathering of heroes on my pedestals. John L. was next to Percy Shelley.

It is true that Sullivan was much of a moron. But then . . . there are delightful morons. I read books by them every day, and many of them have reviewed those that I have written. For instance, one reviewer in a western town, quarreled with me because I wrote about men who robbed potato patches and so forth.

* * *

Nowhere in the book does Mr. Dibble catch the mighty pot-bellied ex-gladiator that I knew. The moron who could knock a mule down and who lived through mud-bespattered and blood-soaked epics is certainly worthy of a Borrow—to say the least. In the first chapter we are told many sayings of John's and Mr. Dibble uses, after describing his parents, some words by Dr. D. A. Sargent.

> All men, though the product of two beings are born of women, but that a woman, usually considered the weaker vessel physically should be able to impress her progeny with the strong points of her own physique, and as to enable him to meet all comers in tests of strength, skill and endurance for a term of a dozen years is, to my mind, the most valuable lesson of this man's life. If the women of the land can learn from this man's physical development how potent the influence of the mother is in fashioning and transmitting not only the refined and delicate parts of her organism but also the brawn and sinew that conquers both opponents and environments and sustains the race, John L. Sullivan will have served to illustrate a very important fact.

When I cross over the great river I'll take Dr. Sargent's words to John L. Sullivan's mother, to see if she can make anything out of them. We are also told that John could "walk at ten months and talk at fourteen." According to this logic, Aristotle must have talked when he was an hour old.

Only last week I talked over James J. Corbett's "The Roar of the Crowd" with one of the three greatest pugilists in this milk-and-water world. The great bruiser said to me: "That stuff's all right, Jim, for a Sunday-school magazine, but Corbett don't tell anything." I have used hundreds of words and have said no more about Corbett's work than this great pugilist said.

Later on in the book Mr. Sullivan meets Cardinal Gibbons, lately of Baltimore, who says to him: "What broad shoulders you have!" "John then asked His Reverence what he thought about the art of prize fighting, and was highly pleased to receive the welcome information that 'the art of self-defense is a very manly and healthful exercise.' On parting, both men exchanged mutual compliments."

I longed in reading this book to come across one mighty tussle of great Sullivan's with Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, who had a streak of yellow that only the redoubtable Sullivan could bring out. I longed to read about Paddy Ryan and ever so many others, and their tussles with this giant. A bad poet in a poetaster age may be considered a great poet if there is no one else to compare him with. The present Jack Dempsey would have battered John L. Sullivan to the canvas any time they ever started. But yet, Sullivan is going down in history as a bruiser possibly greater than Dempsey.

I wish Mr. Dibble would have told us more about the colored Peter Jackson, one of the very greatest pugilists who ever crashed black knuckles against white mugs.

John L. Sullivan, with all his bluster, had the diplomatic gift born of the blarneyed Irish. He boastfully drew "the color line" and got away with it. Peter Jackson fought Jim Corbett a draw that lasted over sixty rounds. Jackson was a pugilist as far down the ladder then, as John L. Sullivan when Corbett beat him in twenty-one rounds. And, long having talked with old-timers who witnessed both fights, they have all told me that had Peter Jackson fought Corbett in a country ruled by black men, he would have whipped him.

Sullivan's business was fighting. A character study is only interesting according to its complexity. Mr. Sullivan was about as complex as a mule in a meadow—and Mr. Dibble wastes thousands of words in telling the perfectly obvious.

Sullivan's battle with Kilrain in the backwoods of Mississippi described in two thousand words by a writer who saw clearly and wrote vividly, would have been worth the whole book. Mr. Dibble lacked the psychology of his subject—and lacking that, he lacked all.

But the book is worth reading. It catches a faint glimmer of a phase.

James J. Corbett could have done much better in "The Roar of the Crowd." . . . he was either too cowardly or too financially shrewd to do it. He does know the psychology of his subject. Mr. Dibble did the best he could with the knowledge at hand. Some day I hope to induce Jack Dempsey to write the history of Harvard University. It will be no harder for Jack, than it was for Mr. Dibble to write of Mr. Sullivan.

Several friends of Russell Loines have thought that an appropriate way to preserve his memory would be to establish a fund, the income from which should be given from time to time to an American or English poet. The National Institute of Arts and Letters has agreed to assume charge of both the fund and the awards. All subscriptions, whether large or small, will be welcome. The plan will become effective as soon as $5,000 has been received. A fund of $10,000 would make possible an award of $1,000 every two years, the committee thinking this should be the minimum award, and that the interest on the fund should be accumulated until such an award can be made. Subscriptions may be sent to The Russell Loines Memorial Fund, Jocelyn H. De G. Evans, Treasurer, care of Johnson & Higgins, 3 South William Street, New York.

The Oxford University Press announces for early publication, uniform with "Sandition" recently published, an edition of "Lady Susan," from the original manuscript. This short sketch, in the form of letters, seems to have been written by Jane Austen at about the same time as "The Watsons," the paper having the water-mark of 1805. It was first published in 1871 in the second edition of the "Memoir" by J. E. Austen Leigh. The text of 1871 contains a good many errors and omissions, and was to some extent modernized. The true text as Miss Austen wrote it is now to be for the first time published by courtesy of the owner of the manuscript, Lord Rosebery.

The Green Hat

CHAPTER ONE: CRYSTAL PALACE

IT was late, after midnight, when this tale begins. I had been to a party. Oh! a most salubrious party. Now hardly had my boots touched the pillow, when there was a tapping at the window. It seemed impossible to go to the window for the walls and the ceiling were full of windows, thousands of windows. That shabby little room had become a Crystal Palace.

And then of a sudden I knew there was only one window. But it went around and around most fast. That was a rapid window. I could never hope to catch it. That was a speed-window.

Then I saw it, that green hat. And there were small red elephants dancing a small red formal dance upon the brim of that hat. But, also, I saw the face under it. That was a small face, no larger than a small size in ladies' faces. And her eyes were black, blazing black, like two platefuls of that black-bean soup in the early afternoon of the second Tuesday after Quinquagesima.

She smiled at me faintly, as she rested her chin on the window-sill. For that was a most tall lady, not too tall, but just tall enough to rest her chin on the sill of that second-story window of that grubby little house in that mean lane in that place called Shepherd's Market, by the grace of God.

CHAPTER TWO: *POUR LE SPORT*

"Irish," she said. "That's my name. Vaguely."

"Yes, of course, vaguely," I said. "Most vaguely."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "I want a word in six letters," she whispered "Next to last letter is e, meaning futile."

"Machen," I suggested.

"Yes." Her cool sensible eyes narrowed. "Or Huxley. Why not? These writers! Just because they have the technic of the pen, they are the soothsayers, the truth-tellers! What nonsense! Suppose one paints divinely or sings like an angel? Do we expect from him a philosophy of life? But give a writer style, let him have a faultless how and we acclaim a priceless what."

She closed her eyes. Her slightly husky voice came dimly. "But it is mostly piffle, mostly beautiful piffle. These writers." Her voice trailed to a lovely murmur.

Suddenly she stared round-eyed over my shoulder. "*There is Hergesheimer*" she said in a strong clear voice, a most surprising voice. I jumped backwards. "Where?" said I, for my nerves were bad, but could see no intruder. "Where is it?" I asked trembling. "What is it?"

"Nowhere. Nothing" she said dimly, closing her eyes. "But haven't you noticed that when people discuss authors someone always says, There is Hergesheimer. That's all they say. Just, There is Hergesheimer. I don't know why they say it, nor what it means. No one follows it up. It seems to be the last word."

She roused herself. "Come with me," she said gravely. For that was a most grave lady.

"Whaff—what for?" said I with some effort.

"*Pour le sport,*" said she. "We go into the country."

"All ri-i-te, lady" said I most meticulously.

There stood a long low grey car, gallant and suave, in the lowly silence of the Shepherd's Market night, by the grace of God. That was a brave seeming car, with a great grey bonnet with a silver stork upon it.

Maybe we hit a policeman, tossing him hundreds of miles, and the stork screamed, towns away, before he fell. Maybe a cow stared at us thoughtfully and then there was no cow, but only mincemeat. Maybe not. I cannot say.

"Can do hundred and five. Must hurry. Off to Rio Janeiro tomorrow, Napier Harpoon and I."

I thought of dark handsome shy Napier Harpoon and Venice, his wife; that Venice. On her lion's-cub head a tumult of short dusty-gold hair; on her lion's-cub face a tumultitude of broad dusty-gold freckles. Salute to Venice!

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"So?" said I, "You and Napier going to Rio Jareen—Jareen—*Janeiro*. Well, well! You are most fast lady. Remind me of old friend in America, Mrs. Forrester. She was most loose lady. You're fast *and* loose lady. But what's hurry? Be in Rio Ja—Janeiro in few minutes with me instead of Napier and that'll never do. *I'm* not married."

"That's not why I choose Napier. I choose him because he'll go. You wouldn't. That determining my choice. Only that."

"But where we going, you and I?"

"To Napier's father's house to get him."

We turned. The stork flew up the curving avenue of tall trees. The stork flew up the curving avenue of Sutton Marle. The stork flew up the curving avenue of Napier's father's house. The stork flew—oh, shut up!

CHAPTER THREE: ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND!

They were all in the drawing-room; Sir Maurice Harpoon, Hilarious Townshend, Sir Guy de Travesty, Napier and Venice. They knew our errand, but Sir Maurice received us graciously.

"Good of you to come," he said. "I say! My word! Don't you know."

Ah, that was England! England was in the room. That was the den of the lion of England. England was fighting for its own.

Then Guy de Travesty, that slender giant with the cold, oh! so cold, eyes, the long, oh! so long, legs, and Hilarious Townshend, that old Hilarious, last of his line, oh! thank God,—those Townshends, the very essence of England, said Guy, "Oh really, you know. You can't, you know, you and Napier. Oh no, it jolly well isn't done quite like this. Channel boat, Dover to Calais, Riviera, Monte Carlo, yes, quite so. Quite all right, you know. But Rio Janeiro, oh no! Deuced bad form, un-English, what?" And Hilarious, "Hm," he said. "Hm," said that Hilarious.

She was faced by these warriors of combat. England, her England, this England, that England, the other England turned against her. But the face of Irish was very stern. That was a most stern Irish.

"Maurice," she said "And you, Guy and Hilarious. I despise England. I despise you. You're a stupid lot. You stay home in this dull England, with your own dull wives, when there are other women like me and all the beautiful world to wander in. To me, that is an absurdity. There is a better thing, a nobler thing, a more beautiful thing than marriage, than fidelity, than honour. And that is freedom, freedom from all restraints, all principles, all fidelities. And so we go, Napier and I and may God forgive you for our sins, for we never can."

"Played, madam, played indeed!" they cried. You've won! Britannia waives the rules. Take him. We're proud of you. God save the King! Beaver!!"

Ah, that was England. England was that.

And Venice, boy Venice, wife of that Napier, Venice was in high looks that night, Venice was all of a glitter. "Darling, darling, *darling*," said Venice. "Take him! I'm through. Your turn now, old bean. I'm glad, so glad, so glad. Darling, darling, *darling*." That was a most graceful Venice.

Irish took him by the hand and led him forth. We stared out into the garden at the rear red light of the car. Then it swerved, turned, its great headlights glared upon us, and upon the giant trunk of an ancient oak, straight in its path. The stork screamed. There was a tearing crash.

And now I do sincerely thank my stars that this is a novel I have set my hand to and no faithful chronicle of events for queer things may happen in a novel, which are desperately alien from the possibilities of life. For now I tell you that, as the car struck the tree, there flew from it a body of a man and it was that Napier. Unhurt, he winged his way in a vast parabola, through the open window to the feet of Venice. But he was rumpled, oh! so rumpled.

And Irish, that Irish——"You never can tell when a woman drives," said Guy de Travesty, hoarsely. "Righto!" whispered Maurice and Hilarious said "Hm." "Hm," said Hilarious.

But Venice, that Venice, screamed, "I lent her a perfectly good husband. She had him three minutes. And now look at the darned thing!"

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The Bowling Green

In the Mail

A HEBDOMADAL columnist should be allowed, at least one-seventh as often as his ephemeral colleague, to fill up with letters. From recent miracles of the mail we choose a few extracts, the uncensored voice of cheerful or despairing clients.

Dublin, N. H.

I have just read the Bowling Green of March 21 in which you wonder about the origin of the word *pagan*. You are quite right about the meaning, for my maiden name was Paine and my grandfather compiled a rather dreadful book called the Paine Family Register in which he claimed that our first known ancestor was Hugo de Payen (or *Pagan* in English)who lived *outside* the walls in the time of William the Conqueror, who would have nothing to do with him. I imagine all the outsiders were called Pagans and were small pickings.

* * *

Vorden, California.

The 706 unsold copies of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" were not exactly *shipped* back to Mr. H. D. Thoreau. He went after them with a wheelbarrow, and made this entry in his journal: "I now have a library of nearly nine hundred volumes over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH.

* * *

Long Beach, California.

The students of the Long Beach Polytechnic High School have this year dedicated their annual to the Spirit of Americanism. To make this emphasis more living and vital, will you send us your own brief, personal definition of Americanism? We shall be most happy to have this inscribed in our annual.

* * *

Philadelphia.

Won't you write a Bowling Green about Arthur Machen? Nothing really has been said about him yet. Adjectives are ridiculous. Symbolism, mysticism, a parable, must be the praise suitable to his genius. Assuming, of course, you also worship lonely ecstasy.

* * *

Boston, Mass.

I am desolated to have to reply to your letter that "The Trotty Book" died of inanition several years ago. Apparently all demand for it had ceased, and the plates were, I believe, subsequently melted.

[*It would interest us to know whether our clients do not believe that "The Trotty Book," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, should be revived?*]

* * *

New York.

Have spoken to Jack Conway of the story you would like from him. He will write it but probably write you first to get exactly what you want. It strikes me that if you will tell Jack to make the story characteristic and in the vernacular it may prove something of a novelty to that high hat bunch which seems to be reading the *Saturday Review*.

SIME SILVERMAN.
(Editor of *Variety*)

..[*We print this to remind Jack that we haven't heard from him, and we greatly desire his piece. Vernacular as possible. The h. h. bunch needs it badly.*]

* * *

Philadelphia.

I am still here at Independence Hall but we have lost two of our number since the 3 Hrs for Lunch Club was here from N. Y. Samuel Knox a guard who was here for 24 years died, you knew him as he sat in the little office near the Liberty Bell he kept a diary and we often went to him to find out what had past during the year, and prominent people that came to see the Bell, Mrs Stanley was one of our old employe she was here for 17 years as a sweeper and cleaner and Blind Al who had the paper stand on the corner of 5th and Chestnut died during the summer we miss the sound of his cane on the front pavement as he went for his papers, he told me he sold more papers when our President Garfield was killed than any newsey in Phila.

FRED ECKERSBERG.
Engineer, Independence Hall

Italy.

This is a purely Italian hotel and the racket in the sala after dinner is terrific. In all other respects this is an admirable joint and we are in luck. We have three big corner rooms and a magnificent bathroom (a boon in Italy) and our total bill including washing and everything else is around 2000 lire a week, or $85 at the present exchange. There are seven of us.

I spent four or five days tramping over the mountains and by the sea. The weather has been simply Heavenly. The children are now old enough to take all day walks with me, and it's enchanting to see them skipping over the mountain paths. To carry our lunch with us and spread it out on a table under an arbor outside a little osteria in the hills, and with wine and water to drink—their little cups of happiness slop right over. Old contadini come out of their houses perched precariously on the mountain sides and give them oranges. Crocuses, primroses, violets, scabious and heather, all blooming together in the hollows. And the sea from those heights! The horizon disappears and the fishing boats with lateen sails coming in wing and wing are like butterflies suspended in mid-space.

* * *

Boston, Mass.

Yesterday we splashed through the rain to hear Heifetz. You know Symphony Hall I suppose? If you don't . . . inside is a tall angular room with steep carved grey walls and thick crusts of gold here and there like a hat-shop. High, high above those ranks of respectfully listening chairs burst star-shells of lights; Fourth o' July rockets that are associated with indistinct far-away hot nights when one was allowed to stay up. Then there are Kleig lights over a bare lonely stage and a great black Steinway. Then that little rough-voiced school bell, or no, it is like a Fifth Avenue Tower Signal and the conversational traffic is halted. Out of a tall doorway comes the little stuffed dummy one had remembered as a lean smoulder-eyed boy. He has become a miniature Balieff without the smile. The man at the piano plays "I'm coming" from "Old Black Joe." Quick is little Jascha's hesitant thread of echo. And then, he gathers up. We are like so many balloons each spinning on its own string, bobbing and dipping separately on the current of sound; all tethered together to that bow. Ecstasy, surprise, dismay . . . exquisite unhappiness . . . little chipped icicles . . . the sudden drop through space to silence. Jascha bending grave obeisance to his fiddlestick. Applause, a cavalcade of smart trotting over a bridge. Jascha stomping out stiff-necked. The audience is not dismayed. The program is over but they know he will come back. Only one hat settles itself over the neat brown corrugated box of hair and goes out. The little dusty-haired mannikin again. Her eyes are enigmatic. "Very well. You have had your little chill niceties. You want more. Then, you will take what I give you. Wait." A defiant lift of head and the small scornful shadow of smile vanishes. A slow wheeling, the rush of cold wind, a hot burst of shattered dimensions and a singing, singing, singing. A clatter of hands and feet, a sudden ruffle of uncomfortable comment and we are hurried panicky into the wet.

* * *

Tacoma, Wash.

"Write one of the editors about the *Saturday Review*. Tell him what you don't like."

The piffling, pedantic, patronizing patter of "The Bowling Green."

* * *

West Hoboken, N. J.

I have written you twice in the past two months and not having received any reply, I am writing again.

I have tried to tear from your bosom, the hiding place of Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco," which you refer to in one of your essays.

Trusting that I will meet with success this time.

[*I haven't answered this letter, believing that eventually our friend might be penetrated by the revolutionary idea of going to a library and finding it in Calverley for himself.*]

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

A Chinese Reformer

SUN YAT SEN AND THE CHINESE REPUBLIC. By PAUL LINEBARGER. New York: The Century Co. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by SIDNEY GREEBIE

A YELLOW jacket, a few Chinese characters on the cover and the effect is complete—the setting made for the appearance of the stage Chinee. Unfortunately for the western world, the queue has been cut off, and it becomes harder and harder to recognize a "Chinaman" as a true Chinese, and with his further westernization, silk hat, frock coat, and trousers the occidental world will be entirely at sea as to whether the Chinese are after all really Chinese.

Paul Linebarger must have felt that difficulty. Here he had a great character to portray. He wanted very much to make him human. To the average American, familiar with his yellow laundryman and the grinning opium-eating scoundrel peeping from behind stage doors, no amount of ink could convert a yellow parchment into something of life and action. And yet Sun Yat Sen would lend himself neither to caricature nor to debasement. For here was a Chinese who had been so much less conservative by nature than most Europeans and Americans that he adopted western clothes, western religion, western social ideals, and gave up his life to their adoption by China. Linebarger had, therefore, a thrice difficult task. He had to break down our crude notions of an individual Chinese, to off-set that by the revelation of the character of a great Chinese, and to build up on that a westernized version of that character. Has he done it? Unfortunately, he has not. If Linebarger had the close contact with Dr. Sun he claims, then he has not only failed, but he has defaulted on his great opportunity. For he tells us that "so insurmountable was Sun's modesty that he had given out no detailed information concerning himself." If that is so, Judge Linebarger should sit right down and strip this story of Sun's life of all its airy persiflage, tear off all the sentimental trimmings, eliminate all his conjecture about what Sun "seemed to say to me," cease striving to make a pretty boy out of a strong man, a "loudy-da" out of a passionate, highly emotional Chinese. For instance, Paul Linebarger, biographer, tells us that "Sun and I spent a whole day talking over his Blue Valley boyhood." One might expect at least that much time was given to a period of which the writer tries to make so much by deduction and implication. Yet he spends six pages, a whole chapter, in telling us how Sun's father escaped the wiles of pleasure loving Macao, concluding: "I think that much of Sun Yat Sen's great moral force came to him as an inheritance from that father who, without knowledge of the precepts of the true God, from the decent sense of his own fine nature, gave up his easy task of making garments for pleasure-seekers to return to this rude, hard labor in the stony fields of Blue Valley."

Linebarger seems to have been laboring under the conviction that somehow a Chinese should be treated not as one would treat the story of any great man, but with a bit of apology for his being Chinese. Sun Yat Sen is worthy of a virile biography. Here was a man who certainly stood head and shoulders above most leaders of modern China. We ought to be acquainted with his life, and the forces that shaped him. Yet aside from the accidental journey to Hawaii as a boy for a few years, Linebarger leaves one outstanding impression—that the ponderous iron girder holding the sides of a steamer in place which Sun saw as a boy was the source of his inspiration. Unfortunately, we western peoples are too prone to look upon our material prowess as the most worthy influence in changing China. Linebarger quotes his own reflections altogether too much, and not enough of the motivating convictions of Sun Yat Sen. Perhaps, now that the great reformer is gone, Judge Linebarger will feel less restrained, and, if he has had such exceptional opportunities of knowing his hero, he may give us a more tangible, more simplified and therefore more virile account of that very worthy life.

Germany Today

GERMANY IN TRANSITION. By HERBERT KRAUS. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY
Smith College

IF you would know how a keen-minded Prussian jurist looks at Germany's present-day problems, this is the book for you. It consists of the lectures which Dr. Kraus gave at the Institute of Politics at Chicago University last summer. In this country, after nearly a century and a half of constitutional life (bisected by a civil war), we pursue our daily existence in a relatively placid political atmosphere—except at the time of a national election. But in Germany the unitaristic Weimar constitution of 1919, on which the state is founded, is itself still a violent object of contention. It was challenged—unsuccessfully—at the last election of December 7. Dr. Kraus's excellent little volume helps one to understand why Germany is in such a state of ferment with all sorts of problems—political, economic, and psychological.

Dr. Kraus admits that there are certain ugly spots which at first sight make one doubt the moral soundness of post-war Germany, such as speculation, wild extravagance, and business dishonesty. But he regards these as only the natural consequences of the defeat, the Treaty of Versailles, and the frightful depreciation of the mark. Under better conditions the intrinsic moral soundness and vigor of the people will reassert itself. Speaking prior to the formal adoption of the Dawes Report, he was still pessimistic as to the Reparations question. He did not realize the extraordinary adaptability of the body politic to readjust itself to new conditions. Just as Nature repairs with surprising speed a wound in a sound human body, so a nation is apt to recover with astonishing rapidity from an economic collapse, the moment better conditions prevail. This can now be seen in the German figures which reflect the influence of the Dawes Report. Reparation payments have been made as scheduled. German taxes are flowing in far above the budget estimates. The rapid increase of savings banks deposits reflect the new confidence inspired by the stabilization of the mark. Psychologically the more intelligent and sensitive Germans have been depressed by the moral injustice and historical falsity of the Versailles dictum which makes them solely responsible for the war; but this depression is disappearing with the frank publication of the most secret documents from the German archives all the way from 1871 to 1914, and from the spread outside Germany of a juster view of the divided responsibility for the war.

Dr. Kraus has also some interesting things to say about the confusing political parties; about the separatist conflict, i. e., the conflict between the German "Lands" and the central government; and about the novel and progressive features of the Weimar Constitution. He is well worth reading because he gives an authoritative German point of view, yet is moderate, scientific, and lucid.

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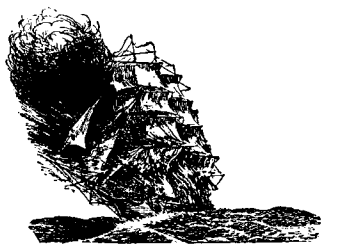

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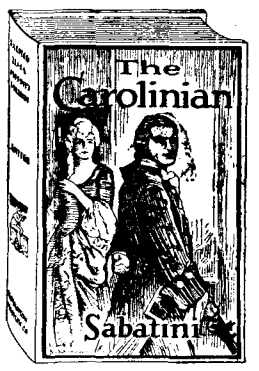

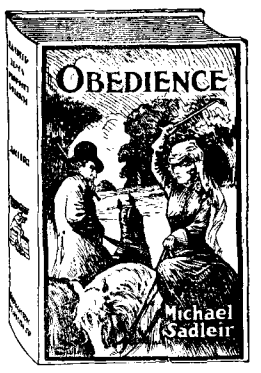

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A Century of Publishing

By MARCUS BENJAMIN
U. S. National Museum

FEW, very few business houses in the United States last so long as a century, and those that have achieved that venerable age in New York City could almost be counted on the fingers of one's hands. There is, however, one line of business in which longevity is happily a prevailing characteristic. The well-known firms of Harper & Brothers, D. Appleton & Company, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Charles Scribner's Sons, and Dodd, Mead & Company may be cited as prominent exceptions to the short-lived existence of most commercial houses. Of those just mentioned the firms of Harper & Brothers and D. Appleton & Company have been in continuous existence for more than a century.

The recent death of the highly esteemed William Worthen Appleton, who was long the senior member of D. Appleton & Company, has been made by his firm the occasion for the publication of a slender volume that bears the title, "Portrait of a Publisher and the First Hundred Years of the House of Appleton, 1825-1925." This little book contains a well-written biographical appreciation of him who "with his tall, white-haired distinction, his gentleness and his fineness, 'Mr. Willie,' may stand very well for almost the last of the old-time publishers."

In addition to the sketch of Mr. Appleton, the volume includes a historical summary of the development of the business that brings to mind a host of pleasant recollections that may be worth recording.

My earliest recollection of the firm goes back to 1863 when the final volumes of the New American Cyclopædia were in course of publication. As the large black cloth octavo volumes came from the press and were distributed to the subscribers, I eagerly sought the one that came to my grandfather's home and tried to read some of the learned articles that appealed to my boyish intelligence. Thus I learned very early in my life that a cyclopædia article was the best source of information to begin with when knowledge of any subject was desired.

With the breaking out of the Civil War came a natural desire to preserve in permanent form detailed knowledge of the great events then in progress and so the first volume of the Annual Cyclopædia was issued in 1861 and thereafter until 1902, each year a new volume was published.

Later, but still under the able editorship of the erudite George Ripley, literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, and the scholarly Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun*, a revision of the New American Cyclopædia was begun and in 1873 the first volume of the American Cyclopædia was given to the public. I was very proud to add my name to the list of subscribers to this really great work, the greatest in my mind for many reasons, of the American cyclopædias.

Another decade came and went, and then Rossiter Johnson (who on the death in 1883 of Judge W. J. Tenney had become editor of the Annual Cyclopædia to which I became a contributor), invited me to join the staff of the Cyclopædia of American Biography of which General James Grant Wilson and John Fiske were the editors in chief. To this important work I contributed all of the sketches of American scientists. This experience brought me into pleasant relations not only with Mr. Johnson but also with John D. Champlin, Jr., then editing his famous four-volume Cyclopædia of Painters and Painting for the Scribners.

Johnson and Champlin were in the habit of lunching together and I soon became one of those who gathered daily at the noon hour at a little restaurant on Fourth Avenue. Our party included Lorettus S. Metcalf, then editor of *The Forum*, and frequently Henry George, as well as others whose literary work brought them to the vicinity of the Astor Library. E. L. Burlingame was at that time editor of *Scribner's Magazine*.

Burlingame, Champlin, and Johnson had been associate editors of the American Cyclopædia and questions of literary treatment were frequently matters of discussions, and decisions were reached in accordance with the practice followed in the American Cyclopædia. Personalities were often brought into the conversation and the very great knowledge of the Heilprin family was frequently referred to especially as the "Historical Reference Book" by Louis Heilprin was then in course of publication by the Appletons. Later I was to be associated with F. Horace Teall, whose father was the great proof reader of his time and was also on the staff of the American Cyclopædia.

With the completion of the Cyclopædia of American Biography our pleasant associations of some three years came to an end but a few years later were resumed when Champlin, Johnson, and myself became co-workers on the Standard Dictionary and with us were Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, now of the St. Louis Public Library, and Frank Huntington, at present in Washington, both of whom had been our associates on the great biographical cyclopædia.

The Appletons were also the publishers of Park Benjamin's most valuable and timely Cyclopædia of Applied Mechanics, and much later of an encyclopædic work entitled "The United States of America," edited by Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard. I must also mention a revision of Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia, of which F. Horace Teall was in charge and also one of later date on whose staff I was pleasantly associated with the gifted Frank Moore Colby, whose recent death creates a gap among the cyclopædia workers that will be very hard to fill. The Universal Cyclopædia was published in the nineties with the Appleton imprint and with Rossiter Johnson's name on the title page.

The latest venture in the way of works of this character was Appleton's New Practical Cyclopædia, of which Mr. Appleton did me the honor to invite me to become editor-in-chief, and among my associates on this work were Arthur E. Bostwick and Frank Huntington, old friends and former colleagues in the Cyclopædia of American Biography, the Annual Cyclopædia, and the Standard Dictionary.

Enough has been written to show that as publishers of important works of reference the firm of D. Appleton & Company has always stood deservedly high.

I must retrace my steps a bit to mention *Appleton's Journal*, a weekly literary production that began in the late sixties and to my mind no better or more interesting magazine ever appeared. I read every line of every issue as it was published, including the editorials on current topics by my friend Champlin. It gave way to a monthly and then ceased to exist. Later during the time that Joseph H. Sears was connected with the Appletons, it was revived for a short period. It used to be said that the Harpers could succeed best with their magazines and the Appletons with their cyclopædias, but credit must be given to the last-named firm for their great success with the *New York Medical Journal* and also for the *Popular Science Monthly*, which, under the able editorship of Edward L. Youmans and his brother W. J. Youmans, maintained a high reputation for many years.

One of the great outstanding achievements of the Appletons was their wonderful success in the publication of popular scientific works. This was due largely to the vision of Mr. W. W. Appleton and the persistence of Professor Youmans, as the elder brother was called.

It was Youmans who succeeded in persuading Herbert Spencer that there was a field for his works in the United States and that at a time when the demand for the works of this great philosopher was negligible in Great Britain. To the amazement of the world more than half a million copies of Spencer's works were sold by the Appletons and this success had much to do with directing the thought of the people of this country toward science, and was unquestionably a potent factor in the influences that led to the founding of the Johns Hopkins University in 1876.

The International Scientific Series under the valuable editorship of the elder Youmans began in 1873 with John Tyndall's ever fascinating "Forms of Water," and among the early volumes of the series that I recall are Professor J. P. Cooke's "New Chemistry" and Professor John W. Draper's "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science." The latter ran through fifty printings and was translated into nearly every language. The series undertook to present in clear, concise language the best thought on modern science by the best minds of the time. It was a success and very nearly a hundred volumes were published. I must add that during these years the Appletons issued the eight volumes of Roscoe and Schorlemmer's "Treatise on

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Chemistry," perhaps the most valuable contribution to this branch of science ever written in England.

The Spanish Department developed by this great firm is well worthy of adequate description, especially when it is remembered that the Appleton imprint is perhaps better known in Spanish speaking countries than that of any other publishing house, but I cannot linger.

I should like to write about the wonderful successes achieved by the Appletons with their medical works, for it includes such epoch-making books as Osler's "Principles and Practice of Medicine," which is now one of the most widely used text books in the medical schools of the United States and Great Britain. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold and it has been translated into every major tongue.

It would be a pleasure to tell of the beautiful art works which this firm has issued, such as "Picturesque America," edited by William Cullen Bryant; "Picturesque Europe," edited by Bayard Taylor, and "Picturesque Palestine," edited by Henry Codmon Potter.

The general list of the Appletons would require a volume by itself for its description, beginning as it does with the tiny volume published in 1831 entitled "Crumbs from the Master's Table," and continuing on down to Mrs. Wharton's "Old New York," which is the most fascinating picture of the great metropolis that has ever been written, but space is not available.

Let me close with a final bit of personal recollection. Mr. Daniel Appleton, the founder of the firm, I never saw for he died in 1849, leaving the business to his sons, William H., John A., Daniel S., Samuel F., and George S., all of whom I can claim to have met, and, of course, I knew all of the third generation including Mr. W. W. Appleton and his brother, Harry, sons of Mr. William H. Appleton, the four sons of Mr. John A. Appleton, namely, Colonel Daniel, and his brothers, Edward, Robert, and Charles, and finally the son with the same name, the younger Mr. Sydney Appleton. All of these were high-minded gentlemen of exceptional ability, kindly executives, and in every sense worthy descendants of the great founder of D. Appleton and Company.

Books of the Spring

By Amy Loveman

NOT only, as the poet sang,

. . . the joyous Book of Spring
Lies open, writ in blossoms,

but it lies open as well writ in many a thousand pages of good printer's ink. For the spring publishing season is upon us with its quickened activity translated into travel books that flaunt the glories of the unknown for the prospective summer journeyer, garden books well designed to enkindle the hibernating enthusiasm of the suburbanite, treatises on fishing and golf, chronicles of motor tours, and records of seafaring adventure. These are notably a part of the flood of new books that is pouring from the presses, yet they are but a fraction of the great mass of volumes of which fiction and biography constitute the major categories. Biography, indeed, in this spring of 1925, though it numbers far less than fiction, gives romance a good race for priority of importance.

How could it be otherwise with the long-promised life of John Keats by Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin), at last given form in two stout volumes of absorbing interest to the student of literary history and of rich suggestiveness to the less tutored reader; with two hardly less corpulent volumes embodying some of the correspondence exchanged between Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge (Scribners); with two likewise portly volumes bringing together under the title "College and State" addresses and articles by Woodrow Wilson which cast a vivid light upon the mind and philosophy of the "scholar" President; with William E. Barton's two volumes, *Life of Abraham Lincoln*" (Bobbs-Merrill), a contribution of genuine importance to Lincoln history; with the appearance of the first volume of Sir Sidney Lee's "*Life of King Edward VII*" (Macmillan), based on hitherto inaccesssible official documents, and with Samuel Gompers's "*Seventy Years of Life and Labor*" (Dutton), a work not alone significant as the record of a remarkable career but as the reflection of a phase of industrial development?

By way of violent contrast to this group of biographies of serious import is the series of full-flavored personal chronicles whose engaging quality lies in their small incident. Such records are Alexander Woollcott's "*Irving Berlin*" (Putnam); F. R. Dibble's "*John L. Sullivan*" (Little, Brown); James J. Corbett's "*The Roar of the Crowd*" (Putnam), and George M. Cohan's "*Twenty Years on Broadway*" (Harpers). Into still another category fall the literary biographies—"*Anatole France Himself*," by Jean Jacques Brousson (Lippincott), a portrayal of the late dean of French letters at his slippered ease; "*The Letters of Olive Schreiner*" (Little, Brown), an intimate revelation of a personality in which the feminist and the artist were often at war with each other and from which crusading zeal was never absent; Carl Van Doren's life of James Branch Cabell (McBride), which ushers in a new biographical series; Alfred Kreymborg's "*Troubadour*" (Boni & Liveright), an account of a rebellious and revolutionizing spirit; "*The Life of Thomas Hardy*," by Ernest Brennecke, Jr. (Greenberg) in connection with which should be mentioned the volume of hitherto unpublished papers by Hardy recently issued (Greenberg); George S. Hellman's "*Washington Irving, Esquire*" (Knopf), soon to be published, and R. B. H. Wyatt's "*Samuel Butler*" and C. Dukes's "*Mary Wollstonecraft*," volumes in the Roadmakers Series (Small, Maynard); a translation from the French, Denis Saurat's "*Milton: Man and Thinker*" (Dial), and "*Edgar Saltus; The Man*," (Covici), a biography by his wife. There is apparently about to be a revival of Saltus, for in addition to this life two of his works have just been reissued, a novel, "*Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*" (Brentanos), and a philosophical discussion, "*The Anatomy of Negation*" (Brentanos).

W. L. Werner, whose "*Barnum*" has proved one of the most entertaining biographical records of recent years, is about to issue a study of Brigham Young (Harcourt, Brace), which should prove both of historical importance and of general interest, while another in the rapidly-growing number of studies of American celebrities by Englishmen is soon to appear in Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice's "*Robert E. Lee*" (Houghton Mifflin). Under the title "*I Meet My Contemporaries*" (Holt) a volume of interesting literary silhouettes by Maximilian Harden has been translated into English, and the work of another German, Hermann Keyserling, whose "*Travel Diary of a Philosopher*" (Harcourt, Brace) presents the reactions of a profound and cultured mind and mellow personality to new experiences, has also been made available to the English reading public. Women get their innings in Walburga Lady Paget's "*In My Tower*" (Doran), and in three books that are announced from the press of Putnam, "*What I Remember*," by Millicent Garett Fawsett, "*The Life and Letters of Mary Putnam Jacobi*," by Ruth Putnam, Guglielmo Ferrero's "*Women of the Caesars*," and in "*Life's Little Day*," by Lady A. M. W. Stirling (Dodd, Mead). Of different type is W. G. Dawson's "*The Autobiography of a Mind*" (Greenberg), a volume which the publishers describe as falling into the category of "confessions" and which contains the reflections of a minister who attempts to harmonize experience with a philosophy of a life. Political history is interestingly represented in G. D. H. Cole's "*The Life of William Cobbett*" (Harcourt, Brace), the fourth volume of the outspoken "*Memoirs of William Hickey*" (Knopf), "*Sun Yat Sen and the Chinese Republic*," by Paul Linebarger (Century), "*A King's Lessons in Statecraft: Louis XIV*" (A. & C. Boni), a collection of letters to his heirs, and Paul Haworth's "*George Washington, Country Gentleman*" (Bobbs-Merrill). Harris E. Starr's life of William Graham Sumner (Holt), that brilliant mind and revered teacher, William McFee's "*An Engineer's Note Book*" (Doubleday, Page), Paul Revere Frothingham's "*Edward Everett*" (Houghton Mifflin), and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's "*A Player under Three Reigns*" (Little, Brown), are likewise books that should command attention.

Seasons may come and seasons may go, but fiction rolls on eternal. The novels of the spring run a wide gamut, ranging from so delightful a piece of sheer persiflage as A. P. Herbert's "*The Old Flame*" (Doubleday, Page) to the brooding intensity of Sinclair Lewis's latest volume, "*Arrowsmith*" (Harcourt, Brace), a book which marks a distinct advance in the author's work in that its portrayal has passed from the strictly local to the more universal, and in the tempering of the unmitigated bitterness which lay behind "*Main Street*" and "*Babbitt*." Like a fresh breeze has swept

(*Continued on page 677*)

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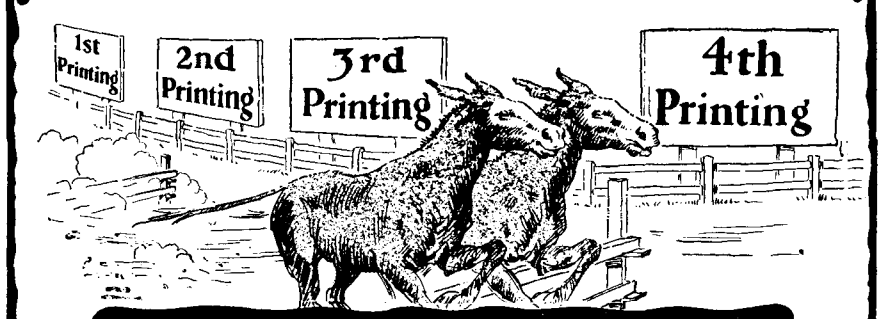

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A Letter from France

By Maurice Bourgeois

EVEN a Frenchman residing in Paris has some difficulty in distinguishing between books of value and worthless trash in the current literary output. Publishers' "blurbs" and "*prières d' insérer*" are, more often than not, fulsome praises or confusing rigmaroles; in the best journals, there are occult, subterranean connections between criticism and advertising; and helpful, independent critical surveys, such as André Germain's "De Proust à Dada" or Benjamin Crémieux's "XXe Siècle" are, unfortunately, few and far between. Every week brings an avalanche of new books; and overproduction has assumed such alarming proportions that some critics begin to advocate what I may venture to call literary birth-control. The production of novels, in particular, continues unabated. René Boylesve wittily remarks that, while no one would ever dream of rhyming a thousand lines, nearly everybody has written a novel. Lucien Descaves, critic of *Le Journal* and one of the adjudicators of the Goncourt Prize, declares that he simply will not read the five or six hundred novels that pile up on his desk every year. The form of the novel itself has become extraordinarily loose; as Marcel Prévost observes, it has now become a medley of everything, from autobiography to social metaphysics, from pathology to mystical effusions. Another Academician, Edouard Estaunié, views the situation with equanimity; in a recent lecture (published in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*) he considers that the novel is not in danger, and that it will long remain one of the noblest branches of French production, and an adequate medium for expressing beauty.

A reaction has already set in, both in the public and in professional circles. Fernand Diviore reprints his "Cours de Stratégie Littéraire," an amusing satire on the commercial methods of writers "who are less busy with their pen than with selling automobiles, or placing stock." The *Journal sans Nom*, a new publication, wants "to do away with literary prizes, literary juries, Academies, and Academicians.' It distinguishes four classes of literature: "preconceptual, alimentary, hysterical, and cephalopodalic." "Alimentary literature" is another phrase for "potboilers," and "cephalopodalic" refers to writers who "think with their feet"! The public is a little tired of commercial novels, and has of late shown marked favor to "serious" books, such as Romain Rolland's "Mahatma Gandhi," Pierre de Lanux's "Eveil d' une Ethique Internationale," and Jacques Maritain's "Réflexions sur l'Intelligence." Lucien Romier (until recently Editor-in-Chief of *La Journée Industrielle*, and now political director of *Le Figaro*) is achieving signal success with his "Explication de Notre Temps," a masterly historical synthesis which will be followed up by "Bréviaire des Aristocraties" and "Définitions de l'Europe."

Hardly five months have passed since the death of Anatole France, and there is already a whole library of *memorabilia* and *reliquiae* about him. Jean-Jacques Brousson's entertaining "Anatole France en Pantoufles" (a fragment of which, entitled "Voilà, Anatole France!", was published a few months ago in *The American Mercury*) is a collection of anecdotes on the *bon Maitre*, some of them extremely nasty, the funniest being probably the one telling how France consigned to his bathtub, without reading them, the books which had been sent to him. Brousson was France's secretary, and discloses some literary secrets of his master with the authority of someone who knew him very intimately. In "Anatole France à la Béchellerie," Marcel Le Goff excellently shows that France was essentially an aristocrat. To the question: "Are you not a Republican?" he indignantly replied: "Do you take me for an idiot?" No doubt France was too fond of his books, of his china, his chocolate *de luxe* to be really in favor of communism. Nicolas Ségur's "Conversations avec Anatole France" presents the unexpected and somewhat unlikely view of a melancholy Anatole, struggling with doubt, often smiling, but never gay, never, in fact, feeling happy "for one hour, for one instant, at any rate since childhood." In "La Vie et les Opinions d'Anatole France," Jacques Roujon (the son of France's fellow-Academician) paradoxically maintains that France is the most reactionary writer that ever lived, and that the only ideas that he ever combated were revolutionary ideas. One might just as well demonstrate the contrary. Anatole France has also been the subject of very furious attacks which would have been more courageous had they been made in France's lifetime. Four young writers (among whom is the talented Philippe Soupault) vent their ire in "Un Cadavre" ("A Corpse"), while René Johannet, in his recent brochure "Anatole France est-il un Grand Ecrivain?" ("Is Anatole France a Great Writer?") calls him "in politics, a blind man, a hypocrite, a coward; in literature, a good, but second-rate, essayist, an imitator without gaiety." Anatole France, says Johannet, has ingenuity, skill, not intelligence. "A mirror is not intelligent. An echo is not intelligent."

French literature has suffered a grievous loss in the premature death of Jacques Rivière, who succumbed to typhoid fever at the early age of thirty-nine. Since 1912, Rivière had been associated with the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, of which he became editor in 1919. During the war he was a prisoner in Germany, then interned in Switzerland, and embodied his observations of the German character in "L'Allemand," a very valuable study. His novel "L'Aimée," dedicated to André Gide, will remain as a masterpiece of psychological analysis. Rivière will probably be succeeded as editor of the *N. R. F.* by Jean Paulhan, the author of "Si les Mots sont des Signes."

Largely under the influence of Freud and of his psychology of dreams, a group of young *littérateurs* has founded the new movement which calls itself *surréalisme* (in memory of the late Guillaume Apollinaire, who invented the term). It represents a reaction against logical thinking, and emphasizes the artistic value of the subconscious activities of the mind, as revealed in the more or less arbitrary associations of ideas which succeed each other in a dream. "Une Vague de Rêves" and "Premier Rêve Signé" are the titles of two new works by Louis Aragon and Jean Giraudoux respectively. The doctrine of the new movement (which is reminiscent of the theories formulated by the German writer Novalis) is set forth by André Breton in his "Manifeste du Surréalisme." A "Bureau de Recherches Surréalistes" has been founded, which invites contributions on the subject of suicide and the existence of God. But surréalistes do not solely interest themselves in philosophical questions: Paul Eluard has written a charming poem (still unpublished) to the glory of the Hoffman Girls, now playing at the Moulin-Rouge; and there is an amusing prose poem on mushrooms by Jean Painlevé (the gifted son of the President of the Chamber of Deputies) in *Surréalisme*, the official organ of the movement, edited by Ivan Goll, who also projects a *théâtre surréaliste*.

Paul Morand (who was born in Russia and speaks Russian) was lately in Moscow, where he accompanied M. Jean Herbette, the newly appointed Ambassador of France to the Soviets. I understand Morand is preparing a new book on "L'Europe Galante." Meanwhile Claude Berton, theatrical critic to *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, is dramatizing Morand's "financial" novel, "Lewis et Irène," for early production on the Boulevard.

On rereading André Gide's "Paludes," I hit upon what must have been the source of Jules Romains's very successful comedy, "Knock ou le Triomphe de la Médecine." Dr. Knock's theory is that "*un homme bien portant est un malade qui s'ignore.*" In "Paludes" we read: Hush! Hush! Hush!

> The great Valentine Knox is going to speak. He said: Health does not appear to me as enviable as all that. It is only an equilibrium, an all-round mediocrity; it is the absence of hypertrophies. . . . What is of importance in us is what we alone possess, what cannot be found in another person, what your "normal man" does not possess—in other words, what you call illness. For cease to regard illness as a deficiency: it is something more, on the contrary: a humpback is a man plus the hump, *and I prefer that you should regard health as the absence of illness.*

I am sure American readers will like Pierre MacOrlan's "Les Pirates de l'Avenue du Rhum, reportage," in which the author of those delightful sea yarns, "Le Chant de l'Equipage" and "A Bord de l'Etoile Matutine" (of which a translation by Mr. Malcolm Cowley has been published in America), narrates with Stevensonian humor the adventure of the Mulhouse, the hootch-laden steamer bound for dry America and captured by pirates off Fire Island.

The *Tagebuch* of Berlin reports that "Annette and Sylvie," by Romain Rolland, is next to the top in the list of best sellers in Germany.

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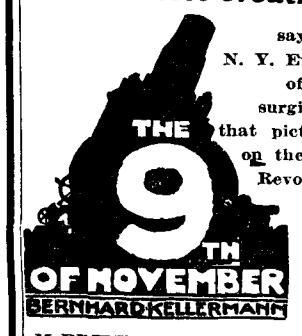

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

LITERARY GENIUS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By P. C. SANDS. Oxford University Press. 1924. $1.50.

In this book an analysis has been made of the principal literary features of the Old Testament, an examination of the most popular stories and poems, and the grounds upon which we admire them as literature.

The story of Abraham entertaining the strangers shows to a marked degree a picturesque simplicity and homely realism unexcelled in literature. The matchless love story of Ruth, with its beautiful picture of pastoral life in Judea, is characterized by the same simplicity, and by the absence of every detail not essential to the action of the story. This is true, also, of the stories of the rescue of the body of Saul by the men of Jabesh-Gilead, of the woman named Rizpah, and of the woman of Shunem who was hospitable to Elisha.

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ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES. By *Miguel de Unamuno.* Knopf. $3 net.

MILTON: MAN AND THINKER. By *Denis Saurat.* Dial Press. $4.

THE NEWER SPIRIT. By *V. F. Calverton.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES. By *Van Wyck Brooks.* Dutton. $2.50.

JACINTO BENAVENTE. By *Walter Starkie.* Oxford. $3.50.

LEVEL CROSSINGS. By *Coleridge Kennard.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

FALSE PROPHETS. By *James M. Gillis.* Macmillan. $2.

WALT WHITMAN. By *Gerald Bullett.* Lippincott.

Drama

IT IS A STRANGE HOUSE. By DANA BURNET. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

This drama leaves the reader at its end wondering more than a little if, instead of squaring the circle, the author has no more than merely rounded it. "This is a Strange House"—the title tolerably restrained commentary in itself on our monstrous civilization today,—takes fifteen scenes and fifty-two characters, plus "Flagellants, Guests, Factory Workers, Amusement Seekers, Church Congregation, and Basement People" to carry the symbol-laden Laura Gildcrest through the "strange house," from ballroom to cellar to garret, from factory room to chapel room to corridors unending, until, finally, freed of all illusion, or so the author seems convinced, she finds herself in "A Garden Outside the House," with an Old Gardener offering her an unforbidden fruit. At last she stands rooted in reality, but does she? The feeling rises and persists that illusion is only scotched, not killed, that she has merely come back to the beginning, and that she is about to begin another feverish flight around the endless circle, forgetting at the beginning and remembering only at the end.

Fiction

JULIA. By BARONESS VON HUTTEN. Doran. 1925. $2.

"Julia" is a tragi-comedy of sadly mixed relationships, frustrated love, divorces, high life within an exclusive circle of English gentlefolk, spiritual self-sacrifice entailing ultimate futility, and disillusionment. It is brilliantly told, despite a disjointed structure, which is rendered unavoidable by the method of its narration. An imaginary, semi-invalid novelist tells the tale in the first person, and, since he is frequently separated from the people and scenes of the action, he fills those gaps in the story's progress by the simple but enlightening substitution of letters received from the various principals.

A devoted and lifelong friend of the lovely Julia, he enacts the rôle of confidential moral adviser to her and the perverse, neurotic Sandra, her marriageable daughter. The latter indulges in several preliminary "flyers" with matrimonial intentions, but none of the young men proves a victim. At last she falls for the distinguished charms of a gentleman twice her age, Captain Barton Midwood. This man, though Sandra has never heard of it, her mother has met by chance on board a Channel steamer and loved in the secrecy of her own heart as the ideal of an otherwise loveless life-time. Her affection is reciprocated in the same exalted spirit, the two after that one meeting, shared in only by the imaginary narrator, living apart from each other in hopeless and pining passivity.

When Sandra is married to the Captain, the secret adoration he harbors of her mother grows more poignantly difficult for him to bear in subjection. But by his and Julia's inherent nobility they compel themselves to sustain a mute and inactive attitude toward each other. Midwood does all in his power to make Sandra happy for the sake of his love for the vastly more attractive and deserving Julia. It is useless, for Sandra is "no good," her final proof of incorrigibility being provided by the act of leaving her husband for a "boy friend" who, when Midwood secures a divorce, marries her.

Julia, belatedly discovering that her seemingly docile and faithful husband is the contributing source of a chorus girl's luxuries, is granted her legal freedom. She and Midwood, at liberty now after their years of tormented repression, it would seem should unite happily and honorably. Such is the too obvious conclusion, and we are grateful that it is not inflicted. These two splendid people, though in the mid-forties, are at the very prime of their impressive maturity, they still love each other, and it is clear that they will never love anyone else. But with nothing now to impede them, they drift apart, and each finds a mate elsewhere. That is how the book ends, an unkind, cynical, pessimistic ending perhaps, but with what is far more meritorious and satisfying, artistic inevitability. In that and throughout her book, the author, we think, has scored a noteworthy and well-earned, if modest, success.

CHOICE. By CHARLES GUERNON. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1925. $2.

It is a besetting misfortune of the fiction of the day that so much of it seems to be written with an eye on the movies. This book, for instance, the author of which achieved signal success with his play, "Eyes of Youth," is stuff for a scenario, and a

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

scenario of the most melodramatic variety. It contains all the elements of a sensational plot, betrayed innocence, beauty in distress, the beggar maid transported to the palace by King Cophetua, driven by the clamor of her heart and the evil of his malice to dramatic triumphs as a singer, and eventually ending in the arms of her original lover, with her child miraculously restored to her. It is long since we have read so highly colored a story, so naive in its use of the stock incidents of melodramatic fiction, and so prolific in its employment of them. But doubtless this tale of humble Helen Longland who, driven by the opposition of his aristocratic relatives to leave England, bears Peter Penhallow's son unknown to him in Florence, and makes her way by singing through the streets of Italy to the dubious shelter of a Paris *café chantant*, and ultimately to a title, riches, and at long last to happiness, will, translated into a motion picture, run a successful career on the screen.

THE BARBARIAN. By WADSWORTH CAMP. New York: Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

Mr. Camp gains notably in stature as a novelist with this which is much better work than anything he has done before: surer in the handling of its construction and more understanding in its character drawing. The theme is one that has appealed to a good many of our novelists: the rise of a "rough diamond" country-bred boy to success and power as a politician, or, perhaps one should say as a statesman, combined with a dramatic love story which is an integral part of this process of rising. It is staged for the most part in the "new" South, with a progress to Washington and a climax at a national political convention in Chicago. It is about one-half politics, one-half love story, but the two strands are excellently interwoven, making one natural pattern. Young Jefferson Harmon, having worked his way out of poverty, put himself through the Law School, and managed to gain a foothold in the chief city of his state, falls in love with the aristocratic daughter of his chief political opponent, and marries her secretly, as they feel that open acknowledgment of such a marriage would ruin his possible career as a "tribune of the people." Obviously a situation that is full of potential explosives. But Mr. Camp manages to keep it safely free of the theatrical and makes the whole thing entirely plausible. All of his people are rather close to the conventional types, Southern gentry of the "old school," highly "practical" politicians, sternly noble hero, and exquisitely aristocratic heroine, yet each of them succeeds in being quite definitely an individual. A good piece of substantial workmanship.

THE RAVENSCROFT AFFAIR. By GUY THORNE. Clode. 1925. $2.

This thrilling detective story introduces, in the person of Viscount Helston, a character that is a masterpiece of repulsion. Grotesque offspring of a Japanese princess and an English lord, Helston possessed the stature of a dwarf with a dwarf's monstrous head and chest, tiny dangling arms and dwindling legs, the voice of an archangel or a Caruso, and the lusts of an imperious soul imprisoned in a stunted body. Sir Philip Vincent, an Englishman with a lovely daughter suitably named Muriel, is pitted against this monster in political plot, in which the failure of Vincent would mean war between England and Japan. Vincent's son has already been murdered, in an effort to terrorize Sir Philip, when the story opens.

In a private showing of a film faked to reproduce the murder, and thus unnerve Muried kidnapped for an evening to witness the film, Charles Penrose, cinema operator, becomes involved in the fortunes of the Vincents. We are glad to relate that Penrose eventually thwarts the evil designs of the dwarf and wins the fair hand of Muriel.

It is a long time since we have read a story which has made us feel so thoroughly uncomfortable after we turned out the lights. The plot is highly original and the atmosphere of uncanny terror, especially in Ravenscroft, the ancient castle of the Helstons, excellently sustained. A story we guarantee to raise gooseflesh on the least susceptible. We recommend it, if possible, to be read aloud in the country.

ANDREA THORNE. By SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES. Duffield. 1925. $2.

Here is a book that in a pleasing, unaffected way tells a simple love story, with just enough of the social background drawn in to give solidity. The tale may be rather conventional, and we may often before have seen the characters of this slender drama, but it is all done with a sense of fitness to the little world portrayed. The heroine, Andrea Thorne, is likeable. The struggle of the man she marries against his sodden environment holds the interest throughout. The writing is smooth and effective for its purpose, if not really good.

But the chief merit of the book lies in its being without false gestures. The term, "light reading" or "summer reading" may suggest a damning with faint praise. Yet the term is used here about "Andrea Thorne," sincerely, and with the intention of real praise. It is a book for an idle hour, a brief, light mood.

THE SHADOW CAPTAIN. By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

What was the truth about Captain Kidd? Was he an icy scoundrel or a much maligned gentleman? Did he die on the gallows, or did he escape by intrigue and miracle? Did his treasure actually exist, or was it a fiction invented by his enemies and cherished by the public? What of Sarah, his wife, and the Little Princess, his daughter? Many a romantic has pondered the enigma, and many an author has attempted to solve it. "The Shadow Captain" is one more effort, as authoritative as most.

It is a fullblooded, swashbuckling story, obvious in plot, but alive with the clash of swords and the rustle of silk. True, its pseudo-colonial English is about as convincing as an eighteenth century plume worn above a modern haircut. True again, the character of James Stuart is something of an historical liberty. But fiction must be served, and this tale, told frankly for and as a story, will help to brighten Sabbath blues for those who are still afflicted.

THE ROAD TO EN-DOR. By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. Dutton. 1925. $2.

In writing "The Road to En-Dor," Mr. Vance has evidently attempted a more realistic and ambitious piece of work than he has done in his previous novels. The book, four hundred pages in length, is easily divisible into two parts, the first centering about the Rev. Andrew Streator, and the second about his son Dal; though the father, doubtless by intention, dominates the whole. The first part tells of the ascetic minister in the grey New England town, his romance, his increasing religious mania, the unhappiness of his wife; it rises toward its climax with the coming of his friend Tom Dalzell and his suspicions of Dalzell and his wife; and it precipitates its climax in the fight between the two men, where Streator's ungovernable temper apparently drives him to throw his opponent over a cliff. When later a child is born, Streator imagines that Dalzell is the father. The history of Dal is the second part of the book: his childhood and youth are, because of Streator, spent miserably; he runs away, enlists in the army, and is reported dead. Then the conscence-stricken father, the heart-broken mother, and the loyal sweetheart go together down the road to En-Dor, putting their faith in a woman psychic who communicates with Dal in the spirit, and gives the clue for bringing him back, much shell-shocked, in the flesh.

After striving to attain realistic power, to create in the Rev. Andrew Streator a stark figure, and to adumbrate a New England tragedy in the first half of the book, Mr. Vance reverts, in the second, to mystery, coincidence, and melodrama. It is a steep drop, this abandoning characterization and human values for plot and manœuvers and thrills, in order to defy the hopeless situation that has been built up. So far as "The Road to En-Dor" can be deemed probable, the story ends with the announcement of Dal's death. The hundred and fifty re-

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maining pages, no matter how exciting, are only a long-winded, unconvincing means of righting matters. They are, however, in Mr. Vance's old style, and move much more swiftly than what precedes them. But the whole book is constructed and written according to rather obsolescent standards: long, rolling sentences, editorial insertions explaining in words what should be explained in action, a halved unity, and a total lack of selectiveness. "The Road to En-Dor" is a perilous compound of realism and sensationalism: perilous, because it will hardly win Mr. Vance the favor of the discriminating, and because it is likely to lose him the good-will of those who like their mystery to start on page one.

OLD PROVINCE TALES. By *Archibald MacMechan.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.
THE MAN WHO TURNED MEX. By *Paul Bailey.* Dorrance. $1.75.
THE TURN OF A DAY. By *C. A. Dawson Scott.* Holt. $2.
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DRUMS. By *James Boyd.* Scribners. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN AMERICA. New and Revised Edition. By LOUISE SHELTON. Scribners. 1925. $10.

"Dedicated to the praise of those American men and women, of whatsoever period, who have planted so beautifully that their gardens are an inspiration to others in all generations" . . . so runs the happy dedication of this beautiful book. It is a book of garden pictures from more than twenty states of the Union: a book prefaced by two significant chapters, "The Garden and its Meaning" and "Climate." From Seattle to Santa Barbara, from Bar Harbor to Palm Beach, are gathered these photographs of gardens the delight and solace of their owners and of the owners' friends.

In this book individuals interested in gardening will find a sort of earthly paradise. The critic of the gardening art will welcome the charming record because he sees in it the vast improvement which has come and is coming into the gardens of America since this book was first published in 1915. No more now of that ugly clipped catalpa with too often a crooked trunk. No more bay trees in tubs. No more blue spruce. Very little golden-leaved shrubbery and that little used judiciously, to enhance and not to hurt. Far more order, more and better design are apparent in the gardens of today than in those of yesteryear. The work of the artist in landscape gardening is evident in most of these delightful pictures, or the work of the highly intelligent amateur.

A public now well awake to gardening must be grateful to Miss Shelton and to her publishers for a volume which is not only in itself a delight, but which enlarges one's ideas as to the scope of fine gardening throughout America.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE. By *Dallas Lore Sharp.* Harpers. $2.50.
TALES YOU WON'T BELIEVE. By *Gene Stratton Porter.* Doubleday, Page. $3 net.
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THE JAPAN YEAR BOOK, 1924-1925. New York: Dixie Business Book Shop. $10.
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By
CLIFFORD M. SUBLETTE

WHEN Charles Boardman Hawes, author of "The Mutineers", "The Dark Frigate" and "The Great Quest", died in 1923, The Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc., original publishers of his books, now issued by us, offered in his memory a $2000 prize for a tale of adventure of the same general character as his stories.

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Miscellaneous

SHIPS ON THE SEVEN SEAS. By *Hawthorne Daniel*. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AVERAGE JURYMAN. By *Robert Stewart Sutliffe*. Appleton. $1.

ACQUIRING A HOME. By *Clinton H. Blake, Jr.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

MANUSCRIPT. By *Ala M. Stone* and *Ethel Irwin Smalley*. Manuscript II. 28 cents. Practice Book I. 16 cents. Practice Book II. 16 cents.

CRYSTALLIZING PUBLIC OPINION. By *Edward L. Bernays*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE PROBLEM OF ATLANTIS. By *Lewis Spence*. Brentanos. $3.

MUSKELUNGE FISHING. By *Ben C. Robinson*. Appleton. $2.

CHRONICLES OF THE GARDEN. By *Mrs. Francis King*. Scribners. $3.

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS. By A. J. *Macself*. Scribners. $2.

AN ATLAS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Clement Tyson Goode* and *Edgar Finley Shannon*. Century. $2.25.

OUR DEBT AND DUTY TO THE FARMER. By *Henry C. Wallace*. Century. $1.75.

WITH SHOTGUN AND RIFLE IN NORTH AMERICAN GAME FIELDS. By *Beverly W. Robinson*. Appleton. $3.50.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING. By *Janet Baskin*. Pitman. $2.50.

Poetry

DARKENING SEA. By BENJAMIN R. C. LOW. Yale University Press. 1925. $1.

Mr. Low has written several other volumes of poems. He has a true minstrel's touch upon his instrument, although he is not free either from preciosity or from word-warping. His sonnets to friends and the strange, crabbed, and yet moving, "It's All That We Have" are filled with real poetry. The sea and ships constantly inspire him to rhapsody that has its moments of fine phrase. The mind of Mr. Low suggests the mediæval scolar's mind. He is aloof from the world of today. His technique remains unperfected, but his sensitiveness to beauty and his ability to convey glamour are virtues of his work.

OXFORD POETRY 1924. Appleton. 1924. $1.

Oxford Poetry for 1924, although distinguished by a thirst for beauty on the part of such contributors as Harold Acton in "Adonis" and John Linnell in "Spring Solitude," is, on the whole, a disappointing volume. It is wanting in those elements which constitute a fresh, original outlook upon life—fancy, humor, and satire. We want poetry as the fruit of personal experience on the part of these young men who are the coming generation of Englishmen; we do not want distillations of the classics nor ancient echoes no matter how sweet, for these do not augur creation of a new world. Neither do we want a medley of obscurities like the words flung together in Brian Howard's "Scenic Railway" and its companion piece. It is not that the assortment of work is not creditable enough. But it strikes the reviewer that many of the pieces are the thin, diligent, imitative work of students rather than the songs that must be uttered because there is no stopping them. Expression on the part of a writer becomes forceful only when he feels his world as well as thinks it.

AD SOMNUM. By EDWARD VIETS. Four Seas. 1924. $1.

This is principally a book of what one might characterize as "catches." They are casual, some faintly diverting, and all reedily lyrical. They slip from the mind easily. Mr. Viets's more ambitious attempts are chiefly derivative.

POEMS. By *James Plimell Webbb*. Stratford.

SCOTTISH POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS. By *Sir James Wilson*. Oxford. $2.50.

POETRY FROM THE BIBLE. Edited by *Lincoln MacVeagh*. Dial Press. $1.50.

BASIC AIMS. By *Charles Blamfield*. Boston: Bailey Press.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY. By *Alexander W. Crawford*. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $1.

OXFORD POETRY, 1924. Edited by *Harold Acton* and *Peter Quennell*. Appleton. $1.

RENASCENCE. By *Edna St. Vincent Millay*. Harpers. $2.

SECOND APRIL. By *Edna St. Vincent Millay*. Harpers. $2.

DARKENING SEA. By *Benjamin R. C. Low*. Yale University Press. $1.

EBB TIDE. By *John McAlpin*. Four Seas.

FLORIDA. By *Franklin F. Wood*. Four Seas. $2.

FIND FREE. By *Marguerite Dixon Clark*. Portland, Me.: Mosher.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE. Edited by *George Sampson*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Religion

SOME OPEN WAYS TO GOD. By WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE. Scribners. 1924. $1.50.

The Rector of Grace Church, New York, has written a book for a time of controversy with evident desire for a spirit above the conflict. Without taking sides he endeavors to show what the real religious needs are and how they can be satisfied. In quite unconventional terms he expresses the present day value of God, Jesus, the Spirit, and the Church. The result will not satisfy extremists in either camp nor will it arouse the indifferent, but for those who possess liberal religious convictions it will prove quite congenial reading. The author writes with grace of style and with irenic temper.

THE FAITH THAT OVERCOMES THE WORLD. By the REV. VAN RENSSELAER GIBSON. Macmillan. 1925. $1.

Following in a general way the method of "Progressive Thought" this little volume of essays and meditation challenges the reader by faith to abolish in his personal life the great enemies of mankind. Six are dealt with, namely, fear, ignorance, failure, sin, sickness, and death. The reader is assured that they are all curable by a combined use of physical, mental, and spiritual resources. Ordinary limitations can be transcended by recourse to the power of faith and prayer. The assertions of the scriptures and the poets, the promises of scientists and psychologists, are cited as evidence. The Bible verses and prayers at the the technique of auto-suggestion. In self-restraint and in clarity of expression this book rises above the average literature of the modern faith cults.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT: A HISTORY AND A SURVEY. Dutton. $5.

IRISH WISDOM. By *Conor MacDari*. Four Seas. $2.50.

THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By *Edgar J. Goodspeed*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE RELIGION OF A SCEPTIC. By *John Cowper Powys*. Dodd, Mead.

FOUNDATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY. By *Karl Kautsky*. International Publishers. $4.

Science

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By MAX BORN. Translated by HENRY L. BROSE. New edition. Dutton. 1924.

Too many authors of popular presentations of Einstein's theories have assumed that the reader possessed a working knowledge of pre-relativity physics equivalent to what he would have obtained from a good college course in the subject. On that account much of what they have written has been incomprehensible to the man who, without much training in the exact sciences, was anxious to obtain a general idea of the content and significance of the relativity theory. Professor Born has performed a real service to those who have no more knowledge of science than would be acquired from everyday experience in that he has deferred discussion of relativity until he has had the opportunity to present in simple language those elements of mechanics, optics, and electromagnetism without a knowledge of which the relativity theory has little meaning. As a consequence his book is rather longer than most of the popular expositions of the subject which have appeared hitherto. In fact two-thirds of the book is devoted to preparing the way for the relativity concept. Each topic is treated in sufficient detail to give the reader a clear understanding of its significance. Numerous diagrams are employed, but algebraic equations are used sparingly. The space devoted to the general relativity theory seems somewhat inadequate in view of the fact that this portion of the theory appeals more strongly to the popular imagination than does the restricted theory. On the other hand, it is the part of the subject which is most difficult to handle without the use of somewhat abstruse mathematical tools, and perhaps Professor Born does well to attempt little more than a presentation of the concepts underlying the theory and an account of the results obtained. The short discussion of Einstein's and DeSitter's speculations concerning the size of the universe that is contained in the last few pages of the book cannot fail to interest even the most sceptical reader.

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THE ORIGIN OF CONTINENTS AND OCEAYS. By *Alfred Wegener*. Translated by *J. G. A. Skerl*. Dutton. $4.50.

CALLINICUS. By *J. B. S. Haldane*. Dutton. $1.

Sociology

THE WOMAN ON THE FARM. By MARY MEE ATKESON. Century. 1924. $2.

Miss Atkeson's book is written from the West Virginia homestead on which she was born and where her father, Thomas Clark Atkeson, himself farmer, educator, and writer on farming, still lives. Her grandfather came into the valley as one of its pioneers and built a log cabin and later a house of bricks made from the clay of the nearby hills. Miss Atkeson has written several plays about farming life and parts of this book have already appeared as articles in such magazines as *Good Housekeeping* and *The Country Gentleman*. She is a writer rather than an active woman-farmer but has a solid farming background, nevertheless.

There are chapters of practical advice on such subjects as planning the farm house, laying out grounds and gardens, bringing up children on the farm, on school, church, libraries, community and social life, politics, and national organization. (Miss Atkeson's father has long been active in the State and National Grange). And these practical suggestions are warmed by the encouraging philosophy of one who still feels close to pioneer ancestors and isn't appalled at the thought of women working with their hands.

> The "idle rich work out-of-doors to the very limit of their endurance, riding, boating, swimming, hiking, playing tennis or golf, or whatever they "go in for" at the moment. And certainly it ought not to be reprehensible for a farm woman to perspire over necessary and productive labor when an equal amount of perspiration over fashionable sports is quite the thing. . . .

Certainly not. Indeed, the present reviewer would go even further than Miss Atkeson, and fail to be shocked at the notion of "women working the fields regularly as the European peasant women do." Undoubtedly, women oughtn't to be hitched to the plow, nor should men, either, but such a thing as a Russian or Hungarian harvest, with men and women working together, singing, often, as they work, and dancing when the work is done, might well be introduced into our somewhat sombre and utilitarian countrysides.

Miss Atkeson concludes her useful little book with "the truth about country life." She admits that the country is the "Devil's out-of-doors" as well as "God's out-of-doors," especially when you are fighting several dozen sorts of pests and parasites at once, but the real "country-minded" will stick to it, nevertheless. She doesn't venture to say what is going to come out of the radical changes now taking place in American country life but seems to think it not improbable that farmers of the type represented by her own family will be able to hold their own in spite of the drift in many neighborhoods toward tenantry and a sort of American peasantry.

(*Continued on page* 680)

The Spring Books

(*Continued from page* 671)

through the field of fiction Margaret Kennedy's "*The Constant Nymph*" (Doubleday, Page), that rare thing, a really original story, one wrought with amazing economy of means and certainty of craftsmanship. For all its occasional ugliness of incident, a fundamentally clean and invigorating book, it is inevitably dedicated to tragedy but is nevertheless swept by a high-hearted laughter. With it a new writer challenges the interest of all critics of literature.

The older writers, as well as the new, have their representation in the spring grist of novels. "Elizabeth" of "*German Garden*" fame has in her new story, "*Love*" (Doubleday, Page) depicted the growth of passion between a youth of twenty-six and a woman of forty-seven, their marriage, and the dawning fear that the discrepancy in their years awakes in the hearts of both of them. May Sinclair, in the "*Rector of Wyck*" (Macmillan) supplements an earlier study of an egotistical, worldly country rector with another portraying a clergyman of generous and altruistic nature whose life and that of his wife are sacrificed to the round of small duties and self-abnegations. Aldous Huxley has come forward again with a tale, "*Those Barren Leaves*" (Doran), which admirably exemplifies both the brilliance and the shortcomings of this notable young writer, while Somerset Maugham in "*The Painted Veil*" (Doran) furnishes a narrative that amply witnesses to his power of expression the while it unfolds a story with a gratuitously unpleasant dénouement. That fine writer, Francis Brett Young, whose "*Woodsmoke*" was one of the outstanding novels of last summer, has now written in "*Sea Horses*" (Knopf), a romance in which the sea plays its part as did the African wilderness in the earlier volume, and R. H. Mottram has followed "*The Spanish Farm*" with what is virtually a page of autobiographic reminiscence in a vivid war sketch entitled "*Sixty-Four Ninety-Four*" (Dial).

If the quality of his past work is any index of the merits of his later Walter Gerhardi's forthcoming "*Polyglots*" (Duffield) should prove of decided interest. James Mills Whitham, an author who has won considerable recognition in England but whose work, despite the fact that his novel, "*The Heretic*," was published in this country, is as yet little known in America, now comes again before the public with "*Windlestraw*" (Boni & Liveright), a novel of Sussex life with a touch of the Hardyesque in its manner. Michael Arlen, who is ploughing his way through the teas and dinners of an American visit, is shortly to add another to the rapidly-growing number of his tales issued in this country; "*May Fair*" (Doran), we are informed, is in the vein of "*These Charming People*," a book which with its successor, "*The Green Hat*," is already giving rise to an imitative literature, such a book as Laurence Meynell's "*Mockbeggar*" (Appleton), for instance, in its dialogue and characterization quite evidently showing its influence.

We wonder whether there is to be a sudden epidemic of novels wearing a "Mrs." in their title, our wonder being evoked by the fact that Virginia Woolf has bestowed upon her forthcoming romance the name, "*Mrs. Dalloway*" (Harcourt, Brace), and E. M. Delafield on her new book that of "*Mrs. Harter*" (Harpers). It may be accident, but straws show which way the wind is blowing. Another title which engages our interest is "*The George and the Crown*." We gather from the chapters of Sheila Kaye-Smith's book (Dutton), which have been running serially (much abbreviated) in *Harper's Magazine*, that the George and the Crown are rival hostels and that a pretty human drama plays itself out between them. Titles, incidentally, have a piquant twist this spring, as witness "*The Lion Tamer*" (Harpers), Carol Robb's vigorous first novel; "*Young Mischief and the Perfect Pair*," by Hugh de Selincourt (A. & G. Boni); "*Wild Marriage*," by B. H. Lehman (Harpers), which with "*Wild Asses*," by James B. Dunton (Small, Maynard), has introduced an unexpected jest into the Harvard groups who find their university depicted in both stories; "*Bobbed Hair*" (Putnam), a clever yarn in which twenty authors have collaborated to produce an amusing mystery; "*The Mysteries of Ann*," by Alice Brown (Macmillan); "*Jungle-Born*," by John Eyton (Century), a book in the Mowgli manner which achieves genuine charm, and "*The Little Dark Man*," by *Ernest Poole* (Macmillan), tales with a Russian background.

Novels of the younger generation are less numerous than they were two or three years ago, but they are still with us. In "*Soundings*" A. Hamilton Gibbs has presented with delicate understanding the problems of a group of young persons in a story that is both touching and charming. F. Scott Fitzgerald is soon to publish "*The Great Gatsby*" (Scribner), Floyd Dell has issued "*This Mad Ideal*" (Knopf). Isabella Holt in "*The Low Road*" (Macmillan) depicts the fortunes of a group of sisters, widely different in temperament, under the play of modern social ideas, and in "*Obedience*" (Houghton Mifflin), Michael Sadlier portrays an older day and more conventional standards. A new author makes his bow with Charles Guernon's "*Choice*" (Lippincott). A book that deals entertainingly with very young people, though it is not a juvenile, is Roy Helton's "*The Early Adventures of Peacham Grew*" (Penn). American civilization of today as a caustic observer views it finds reflection in Ernest Pascal's "*The Virgin Flame*" (Brentanos), wherein is portrayed a "jazz" society, while a bitter cross-section of life is depicted in Evelyn Scott's "*The Golden Door*." Vivid in its realism, and interesting in its psychology, is Donald Douglas's "*The Grand Inquisitor*" (Boni & Liveright), by way of strong contrast to which may be mentioned romantic or his-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Spring Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

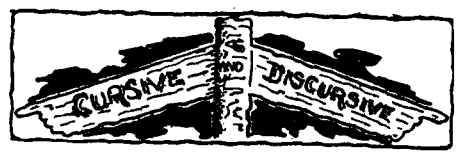
torical tales like "*O'Malley of Shanganagh,*" by Donn Byrne (Century), "*Father Abraham,*" by Irving Bacheller (Bobbs-Merrill), "*The Carolinian,*" by Rafael Sabatini (Houghton Mifflin), "*Drums,*" by James Boyd (Scribners), "*Black Cargo,*" by J. P. Marquand (Scribners), "*The Loring Mystery,*" by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown), and "*Helen,*" by Edward Lucas White (Doran). Notable among the novels of the season is Robert Nathan's "*Jonah*" (McBride), a work which shows many of the qualities which won for its author such high commendation for his earlier productions, while not to be omitted from any list of books of the season are Romain Rolland's "*Annette and Sylvie*" (Holt), Selma Lagerlöf's "*The Treasure*" (Doubleday, Page), Ellen Glasgow's "*Barren Ground*" (Doubleday, Page), Louis Forgione's "*Reamer Lou*" (Dutton), Anthony Pryde's "*Spanish Sunlight*" (Dodd, Mead), Eugene Zamiatan's "*We*" (Dutton), William Dudley Pelley's "*Drag*" (Little, Brown), Elias Tobenkin's "*God of Might*" (Minton, Balch), an able novel depicting the Jew in relation to his American environment, Charles Morgan's "*My Name Is Legion*" (Knopf), Thomas Boyd's "*Points of Honor*" (Scribners), Lee J. Smith's "*The Spring Flight*" (Knopf), and "*Backfurrow,*" by G. D. Eaton (Putnam).

Two reissues that are deserving of attention are "*Franklin Winslow Kane,*" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton Mifflin), a book which on its appearance some years ago won many encomiums, and which has doubtless now been reprinted in deference to the enhanced interest in the author which the success of "The Little French Girl" has aroused, and "*The Best Short Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*" (Houghton Mifflin), a collection which should serve to bring once more to the forefront a writer whose excellence in her *genre* has assured her a place in American literary annals. Mention should be made of Frank Heller's "*Mr. Collin Is Ruined*" (Crowell), Percival C. Wrenn's "*Beau Geste*" (Stokes), Frederick Palmer's "*Invisible Wounds*" (Dodd, Mead), "*Val Sinestra*" (Dutton), Gerald Bullett's "*Mr. Godly Beside Himself*" (Boni & Liveright), Helen R. Martin's "*Challenged*" (Dodd Mead), Frank H. Spearman's "*Selwood of Sleepy Cat*" (Scribners), Marjorie Strachey's "*The Nightingale*" (Longmans, Green), "*Watlings,*" by Horace Conkley Vachell (Stokes), and Conrad Aiken's "*Bring, Bring!*" (Boni & Liveright). A novel that will be awaited with the certainty that it will prove one of the premier events of the publishing season is Edith Wharton's "*The Mother's Recompense*" (Appleton), a tale whose title must awake memories of Grace Aguilar's novel so popular two generations ago. Stephen McKenna's "*An Affair of Honor*" (Little, Brown), and Margaret Wilson's "*The Kenworthys*" (Harpers) command interest.

If fiction as is its wont has dominated the spring season, yet there is no lack of books of more serious character. Among them is a group of volumes dealing with matters of government and international adjustment, notable among which are "*Fighting the World*" (A. & C. Boni), by that Count Michael Karolyi whose political utterances have been put under the ban during his stay in America; "*Ten Years After*" (Doran), by Philip Gibbs, who apparently writes a novel like "*The Reckless Lady*" (Doran) with one hand while he indites a discussion of post-war Europe with the other; the second volume of that interesting symposium on the American states, "*These United States,*" edited by Ernest Gruening (Boni & Liveright); Katherine Mayo's "*The Isles of Fear*" (Harcourt, Brace), a study of Philippine history under American possession that will win favor or disapprobation according as the sentiments of its readers are of one political complexion or another; Professor Manley O. Hudson's "*The Permanent Court of International Justice*" (Harvard University Press), and Louis Aubert's "*The Reconstruction of Europe*" (Yale University Press).

History this season has seen the inauguration of two important series of publications, the first that of the survey which is to run to twelve volumes under the title "*The British Empire*" (Holt), and to which a distinguished group of scholars and statesmen have contributed under the general editorship of Hugh Gunn, and the second that entitled "*The History of Civilization*" (Knopf), which incorporates the new French series "L'Evolution de l'Humanité" and which will comprise more than 200 volumes and is to be a sort of universal history of mankind. The fourth volume of Herbert Levi Os-

(*Continued on page 680*)



By THE PHOENICIAN

MR. ROBERT McALMON, writing on behalf of the "Contact Editions Including the Publications of the Three Mountains Press," regrets certain lines in a *Saturday Review* editorial. The lines were, "Those still abroad produce a few books in Paris regarded by themselves as the most important American writing that is being done, but the work itself does not seem to furnish substantiation of their claims." The "those" referred to were "talented young American." * * * Mr. McAlmon writes more in sorrow than in anger, "in fairness * * * note the enclosed announcement of our project. * * * There has been no assumption of superiority, of producing 'the most important writing that is being done.' In fact, Paris has little to do with our venture." Mr. McAlmon goes on to note that *William Carlos Williams* has always lived in America. His mss. came to *Contact* from the United States, being written there. *B. M. G. Adams, Ford Madox Ford, Bryher, Mary Butts, Mina Loy* and *B. C. Windeler* are all English. *Emanuel Carnevali* is Italian,—all of the work in his book was written in America. *Marsden Hartley's* poems were all written in America. "He commutes from Europe to the U. S." And so on. Mr. McAlmon contends that none of these writers looks upon Paris as a "Mecca." The eccentricities of these writers they possess as individuals, not as continentals. "Need a gesture against the vulgarization of literature by commercial demands make it necessary for you to imply that we are a Paris School, superior in our attitudes, or in Europe for reasons other than of convenience?" No, Mr. McAlmon, but we might say in rebuttal, "Need our article make it necessary for you to imply that 'Contact Editions Including the Publications of the Three Mountains Press' was exclusively referred to?" * * * We are not, as Mr. McAlmon supposes, adopting "a suspicious tone towards such people as chose to elect a free, individual, and perhaps international life." Mr. McAlmon says he had hoped "the *Henry James* generation" was the last to do that. If we knew just exactly what the "Henry James generation" was, we also might hope so. And, in general, Mr. McAlmon's letter brings us good news and we are interested in the catalogue announcement he incloses. Contact Editions are edited at 29, Quai d'Anjou, Ile St.-Louis, Paris, France, though retail customers are referred to Shakespeare & Company, 12, rue de l'Odeon. Shortly, in a limited edition, Contact is to publish *Gertrude Stein's* "The Making of Americans," which will be issued in four to six volumes, appearing over a period of a year or more. No volume will be sold singly. * * * But, if we are to advise you, try first the "Contact Selection of Contemporary Writers," containing extracts from works in progress by *May Sinclair, Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Norman Douglas, Edith Sitwell, H. D., William Carlos Williams, Mary Butts, Mina Loy,* and some ten others. * * * Next Monday P. M. at 3:45 *Amy Lowell* will speak on her biography of *Keats,* read from her own poems, and talk poetry in general at an author's reading sponsored by *Mrs. Waldo Richards,* at the Art Center (Main Gallery) 65 East 56th Street. Cards of admission at three dollars may be obtained at The Magic Carpet Book Room, 7 East 54th Street, and at the Art Center. Tea will be served. * * * *Zane Grey* is going to have a new home in California in the nature of a monument to the Hopi Indian. It will be modelled from close observation after a Hopi Indian dwelling. This summer home is under construction on Santa Catalina Island. * * * *Marion Strobel's* first book of poems, "Once in a Blue Moon," is worth your attention,—vide:

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Face and ripple it. Songs blow
Pink to your cheeks, crystallize
Blue within your eyes.

You see a color behind
Each melody. You are blind:
Your face is a lifted white
Echo of delight.

. . . Though there is now an interesting biography of *John L. Sullivan* running serially in *Liberty, R. F. Dibble's* "John L. Sullivan" is the first biography to appear in book form. It is an interesting piece of work:

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Points of View

Bookselling

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of March 14th you print a general comment on bookselling conditions by H. R. Huntting of Springfield, Mass., and it seem to me that some other sidelights on bookselling progress might be interesting to your readers.

Mr. Huntting's business has to do with selling public libraries, and, owing to the fact that they must get their book buying money from public funds, they cannot accelerate their book purchases as rapidly as can the individual, even though the librarian may be efficiency itself and doing extraordinary public service. A library may have 10c. or 15c. per capita from its community for its books, while the bookstores, appealing to the delights of personal ownership, may average about $1.50 per capita for the same city.

Instead of the book business being in a bad situation, as Mr. Huntting suggests, the opposite seems to be the truth. The number of booksellers has been rapidly increasing in the past five years and the number falling out decreasing. In the records for 1914, there were 46 bankruptcies reported in all types of stores that touched the book business, and in 1924, with probably 50 per cent more outlets, there were only 25. This includes little shops of stationery, etc., or anyone who handles books at all. In the last two or three years, the number of people entering into the business has far exceeded any earlier records, and yet the old established bookstores have grown.

Still other aspects should be noticed: The department store outlet for books, which twenty years ago was decidedly experimental in that they often used the book departments simply for attracting customers. The department stores are now satisfied with these departments and are enlarging them on a solid foundation. These departments in such great stores as Wanamaker's, Marshall Field & Company, Jordan, Marsh & Company, Lord & Taylor, to mention but a few out of a score of famous institutions, are developed by business managers who know the costs and income from hundreds of different lines of merchandise and make their decision to go ahead with books after such knowledge is in their hands.

The number of personal bookstores of small and specialized variety has been an important new development, and these stores have generally prospered. Mr. Huntting assumes that all of them have started in and continue to do business at a loss, but this is almost too much to believe. Many have started with little capital and have built their capital out of what they have made.

Some like to compare the margin in bookselling with that in stationery, but the items in a stationery department have to be bought in large quantities and sold in small sales. The average salesman on the book side of a store will have larger sales per day than a salesman on the stationery side. If the stationery department goes out for wholesale orders, it will have to give the wholesale rates on dozens and gross, which will bring the margin down very considerably.

Neither can a comparison be made without care between books and such merchandise as has style value in the large stores. All of this merchandise has to carry a depreciation account of from 5% to 15%, while bookstores have found that a 2% depreciation will cover their needs at mark-down time.

There is still another caution that should be given to those who study the bookstore situation, and that is that it is not likely that we shall go back to the days when schoolbooks, law books, medical books, and encyclopædias will be sold in the local store. These are now being sold direct, while they were a very large part of the bookstores' business in the nineteenth centudy.

Mr. Huntting says that, when asked what are the prospects of the book business, he is obliged to answer that, if a person is content to work for small returns, he may get a living. The growth of bookstores seems to indicate that he could be much more optimistic than this without giving anyone reason for criticizing his facts. The income from bookselling will compare very favorably with the professional incomes that he is making comparisons with.

It might be argued, as Mr. Huntting does, that the great number of magazines has something to do with the failure to sell more books, but it might also be said that, in the last few years, the book sales have been making progress more rapidly than magazines. If one wants to get some picture of what the book outlet may mean today as compared to a few years back, one only has to think of the three-quarters of a million of the "Outline of History" sold, which makes even the famous figures on Macaulay's "England" look small, or the well over 100,000 of the "Page Letters," or, in science, the phenomenal sale of "Mind in the Making" by James Harvey Robinson or the "Outline of Science" in four volumes, an expensive set that reached figures not easily paralleled. In the field of religious books, which is supposed to have reached its climax much earlier, one can point to the extensive demand for such books as those of Harry Emerson Fosdick, and, in the field of fiction, where formerly a few titles occupied the center of the stage for a year, there is a far wider diversification of interest.

When one considers that this increase in outlet has come about with less titles than ten years ago, it does not seem as though the situation was as lamentable as it has been painted. In considering the possible overproduction of books and the fact that many of these books will not live the year out, one must consider that printing presses are not wholly occupied with pure literature, and that practical information and topics of ephemeral interest have their right to presentation and their readers who want them. Take the *Weekly Record of New Books* and one will easily notice how many books are deserving of being printed which yet by no possible reasoning could be called literature or expected to have a permanent place in book distribution. To pick at random, here is a "Manual of Income Tax Procedure," a book on "Self-Improvement in English," "Biography of Sir Isaac Brock," "Eight Plays for Little Children," "Motor Camping and Western Trails," "Piloting the Sunday School," "Orchard Management." There may be no demand for these books in a year, but they fulfil a very real purpose.

Those who are in touch with the spirit of the American book-trade today and who realize that this new spirit is not passing away but growing in development are far from pessimistic about the use and distribution of books in America.

FREDERIC G. MELCHER,
Editor, *The Publishers' Weekly*

From a Southerner

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The reading public demands two things, among others, of a bookseller. The first is that his stock be reasonably complete and up-to-date, and the other is that he be up-to-date himself. One quite frequently hears the comment that booksellers and professors are notorious in the abstractions, and that neither knows that the world is moving on. Publishers and publishers' representatives frequently say, "You booksellers aren't progressive. You never have a new idea, nor do you seem receptive to one." Usually this new idea is some pet of the individual salesman, or firm, worked out along altogether general lines with no consideration of what individual problems may be. But is this charge of "not progressive" true? I can think only in terms of my own experience both as bookseller and book-buyer. I am in charge of the book department in a store doing a general stationery, office supply, and furniture business. This department is given a most prominent place in the store, being right at the front, occupying one-eighth of the floor space, but doing only about one-twelfth of the business.

This business was established about 1865—as a book store. And this in a small southern community, right on the heels of the occupation of a large northern army, and by two northern soldiers. It has been sufficiently prosperous to have grown to one of the soundest business institutions in its city—but not as a book store.

As time went on after its beginning, the growing demands of a growing community and the desire for additional income, by the owners, caused a new department to be added here, a new item of stock there. As each of these required development, a little more time was given it, a little less devoted to the books, so that it was really owing to the "progressiveness" of these men that this concern has grown from a book store to a store catering to the general were engaged in a mutual venture of this wants of its community. Certainly we are not accused of being backward by the office furniture people. Fountain pen concerns exclaim over our sales. Yet with the same executive heads to confer with, with a preponderance of advertising, two days a week in the newspaper space being given to the book department and one of our four windows being continually given to a book display, we are met with the statement, "Oh, you booksellers aren't progressive."

What is the answer? I confess I don't altogether know. Is it to be found in the discounts? Largely, yes. On practically everything in the store is the proportion of profit greater, and in the greater percentage of cases the other departments show a higher individual sales value. Such being the case, naturally these booksellers, being, as I have said, "progressive," devote more effort to the place where they find the greater profit. The same effort, it is self evident, could only bring a smaller return in the book department. And yet the book department demands a higher specialized effort, and a more expensive, more intelligent, buying and sales force. Yes, certainly, I think that some of the cause lies in the question of discounts.

As to distribution, well I must steal some thunder from Mr. Huebsch, himself a publisher, there. With the tremendous quantity of publications and also the large amount of publicity given them, and the ofttimes limited output we small town booksellers have, it is practically impossible to guess (and guess one has to) the proper amount for one's needs. A book does take hold, out goes the stock, in goes a telegram for more, by either express or parcel post, and out in thin air goes another 16% of one's small profit. For that is what it costs us, 6% of the retail price, and as the discounts range from one-third to 40%, it takes on an average one-sixth of our margin of profit. Mr. Huebsch made the suggestion that the publishers go together and establish mutual stock points throughout the country. For the southeast, say, in Atlanta, for the southwest, Dallas—and so on. The booksellers of the southeast could then actually get titles by parcel post cheaper than by freight from New York and with a saving of at least five days in time. It seems entirely logical to me. In fact, all the educational publishers, who some years ago type, have found it so profitable that they now have large depositories of their own scattered over the country. As to whether it would be advantageous to the publisher or not, I can say that in fully 50% of the instances where I let a book go out of stock and do not reorder, but trust to not having a call until the next visit of a salesman, I would reorder if there were a depository close to me. And it would probably work so well that before long I would be reordering all items so sold out, at once.

As to a working out of the return privilege, it seems to me that a better solution would be smaller first printings by publishers and less insistence for large initial orders by publishers' salesmen.

My experience has been limited to localities where the foregoing facts are true. In many instances stores, begun originally as book stores, have through necessity and progressiveness grown away from books as their main stock. But in practically every instance, the book departments are continued always from sentimental reasons, and sentimental reasons only. Certainly they are seldom profitable.

GILBERT E. GOVAN.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

One of the most important publications of the Club of Odd Volumes to be issued this spring, is an account of William Blake's "Milton, A Poem," based on the only copy—one of the four known—which contains the full number of plates. This copy, which belongs to a member of the club, was unknown when Geoffrey Keynes prepared the "Bibliography of William Blake," published by the Grolier Club in 1921. The text describing Blake's method of work as well as the place of the "Milton" among his literary and artistic productions, has been written by S. Foster Damon of Harvard University, author of "William Blake, His Philosophy and Symbols," published in London last year.

Gustav Simon, literary executor of Victor Hugo, bestowed some time ago upon M. Pierre Paraf, a number of sketches, poems, and travel vignettes which he had not used in the edition of the French writer's works which he is editing, and these odds and ends M. Paraf has now issued in a small volume (Goulet).

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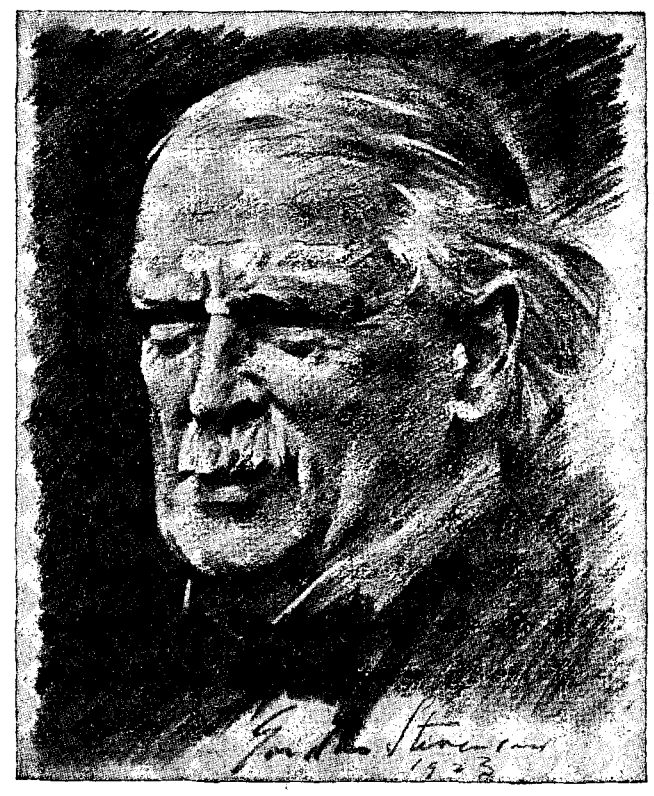

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
"Stars twinkle, the moon beams"—
See Page 7

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YOUTH IN CONFLICT

by MIRIAM VAN WATERS, Ph.D.
Referee in the Juvenile Court, Los Angeles

Dr. Van Waters has most unusual qualifications to be the interpreter of youth in conflict. Every day her court is thronged with boys and girls who have gone a step too far. With them come parents and teachers, probation officers and social workers. Case after case is heard. But the object is not to determine and punish guilt. It is to find out why. Working in such a laboratory, year in year out, it is not surprising that an investigator possessed of the richest gifts of insight and expression has succeeded in discovering many illuminating and important truths about youth and its conflict in social relationships. Nor is it strange that given a rare literary talent, she has made an absorbingly interesting book out of such vividly dramatic material.

"The millenium of psychopathology is much nearer when we find a person like Dr. Van Waters sitting on the bench in a juvenile court. A debt of gratitude is due her for the well-turned presentation and to the publishers for an artistic, inexpensive but valuable book." —*Dr. Donald A. Laird in the Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology.*

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(Standard Size—more than 300 pages)

EDUCATION, THE MACHINE AND THE WORKER

by HORACE M. KALLEN
Professor in the New School for Social Research

"Free public education has been a false Messiah to the workers," says Horace M. Kallen, in this brilliant and suggestive book. "Within the last decade American labor has turned its vision toward a philosophy, a program and a technique of instruction which is commonly distinguished from all others as Labor education." Workers' schools and colleges have recently sprung up by the hundreds all over the country. Why has labor become disillusioned with free public education as a panacea for social ills? In this discerning book Dr. Kallen offers an explanation and a suggestion of principles and program which should afford the basis for a new technique of education for labor. It is a book for every one associated with the labor movement or at all concerned about public education.

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SOCIAL DISCOVERY

by E. C. Lindeman
(*With an introduction by Herbert Croly.*)

"This book is the first crystallization in book form of the new thought on methods of fact-finding in the social sciences, and illustrates the degree to which emancipation from metaphysical, dogmatic and deterministic interpretations of social conducts has been effected. . . . The unconventionality of the book, both in its substance and arrangement, is a rather refreshing departure. . . ."
—*J. O. Hertzler, in the American Journal of Sociology.*

THE STORY OF TEAPOT DOME

by M. E. Ravage
Author of the Malady of Europe.

"Despite the fierce light that has beat about the oil scandal with its attendant destruction of reputations Mr. Ravage's book is the first coherent and consecutive account of the incident. His is the only dispassionate account that I have yet seen of an episode that should point a moral for all business."
—*Isaac F. Marcosson in the Saturday Review of Literature.*

THE LABOR SPY

by Sidney Howard

"Commercialized treachery on a wholesale scale in American industry is devastatingly exposed by Sidney Howard in The Labor Spy. It is a presentation of documental fact piling sky high the evidence and circumstantial detail of a private espionage system more detestable than organized assassination under the czars. Little argument is needed to complete the impression, but a running comment of gentle satire enhances readability."
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

MOTHERS IN INDUSTRY

by Gwendolyn S. Hughes

This book is a study of the social effects of industrialism on mothers who work outside the home. The effects on health, home-life, rearing of children, etc., are carefully weighed and balanced. Miss Hughes' conclusions are certain to arouse widespread controversy in view of the important bearing her book will have on the question of protective legislation for women.

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The Spring Books

(*Continued from page 678*)

good's "*The American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century*" (Columbia University Press) concludes an important work that has been in process of publication for some time. Among other studies of interest in the historical field mention may be made of August L. Schaumann's "*On the Road with Wellington*" (Knopf), J. M. Powis Smith's "*The Prophets and Their Times*" (University of Chicago Press), and, though it is history of a different class, W. L. George's "*The Story of Woman*" (Harpers).

Lovers of poetry will doubtless hail as an event of primary interest in that field the appearance of Edwin Arlington Robinson's new volume, "*Dionysus in Doubt*" (Macmillan), as will they also the publication of the Collected Poems of James Stephens and of Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan), and of H. D. (Boni & Liveright). E. M. Stevenson, whose "Home Book of Modern Verse" is so indispensable a part of any well-equipped library, private or public, is about to issue what should prove an equally valuable anthology in "*The Home Book of Modern Verse*" (Holt); George Moore's "*An Anthology of Pure Poetry*," issued originally in England in a limited edition, has now been made accessible in an American edition (Boni & Liveright); Arthur Symons has translated Baudelaire into English (A. & C. Boni), and Marius Barbeau and Edward Sapir have collected the "*Folk Songs of French Canada*" (University of North Carolina Press). An interesting group of books, by poets whose reputation is acknowledged, includes "*Earth Moods*," by Hervey Allen (Harpers), "*New Poems*," by John Drinkwater (Houghton Mifflin), "*Hesperides*," by Ridgely Torrence (Macmillan), and "*The Song of the Indian Wars*," by J. G. Neihardt (Macmillan). Not to be left unmentioned are Leonard Bacon's "*Ph.D.'s*" (Harpers), and William Rose Benét's anthology, "*Poems for Youth*" (Dutton).

In the field of drama among recent or forthcoming works of interest may be noted Zona Gale's "*Mister Pitt*" (Appleton), Edmond Rostand's "*The Far Away Princess*" (Holt), the eighth volume of the *Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann* (Huebsch), "*Representative American Dramas*," edited by Montrose J. Moses (Little, Brown), "*Processional*," by John Howard Lawson (Seltzer), and "*Two Plays*," by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan), said to be one of the most promising talents of present-day Ireland.

Students of literary history will find interest in the fact that the famous *Yellow Book* is being issued in facsimile edition (A. & C. Boni), thus making possible for a (limited) number of readers perusal of a phase of literature that had an enormous influence in its own day. Literary annals find chronicle in John Macy's "*The Story of the World's Literature*" (Boni & Liveright), in Robert E. Speare's "*The Political Novel*" (Oxford University Press), in "*The Death of Christopher Marlowe*," by J. *Leslie Hotson* (Harvard University Press), in "*Piozzi Marginalia*," by Percival Merritt (Harvard University Press), in "*Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation*," by Anne Kimball Tuell (Dutton), and in Van Wyck Brooks's "*The Pilgrimage of Henry James*" (Dutton), which with its subtle and ingenious analysis should prove an outstanding book of criticism. Ernest Boyd's "*Studies from Ten Literatures*" (Scribners), and Fred L. Pattee's "*Tradition and Jazz*" (Century) should likewise prove of interest.

Those who are seeking reading for moments of luxurious leisure, when the mood demands the charming or fanciful or entertaining, will find it in such books as Robert M. Gay's amusing little skit "*The Eight Forty-Five*" (Atlantic Monthly Press), Hendrik Van Loon's "*The Story of Wilbur the Hat*" (Boni & Liveright), Ring Lardner's "*What of It?*" (Scribners), and Charles S. Brooks's "*Like Summer's Cloud*" (Harcourt, Brace). Those who would a-journeying go, may win profit along with entertainment by reading Joseph Warren Beach's "*Meek Americans*" (University of Chicago Press), while those who are condemned to travels in a library can win a vicarious excitement from Merian C. Cooper's "*Grass*" (Putnams), and yearn for what is not in their experience while enjoying the pages of Stella Benson's "*The Little World*" (Macmillan), and Glenn Mullin's "*The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp*" (Century).

Finally, for the reader of catholic taste or perhaps in some instances better for the specialist, we append the list of the following books: "*College*," by John P. Gavit (Harcourt, Brace), "*The Art of the Poster*" (A. & C. Boni), "*Paul Bunyan*," by James Stevens (Knopf), a fascinating book on the legendary hero of the lumber camps, and the reissue of Mandeville's "*The Fable of the Bees*" (Oxford University Press).

The New Books

(*Continued from page 677*)

Sociology

OUR RURAL HERITAGE. By *James Michael Williams.* Knopf.

YOUTH IN CONFLICT. By *Miriam van Waters.* Republic Publishing Co.

THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By *Franklin Henry Giddings.* University of North Carolina Press.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER. By *William Graham Sumner.* Yale University Press. $1.50.

SEX AND CIVILIZATION. By *Paul Bonsfield.* Dutton. $5.

THESE WOMEN. By *William Johnston.* Cosmopolitan. $2.

Travel

THE ROAD TO PARIS. By MICHAEL MONAHAN. Brown. 1925. $4.

When you finish reading this book you will feel that you have made a new friend, and a most genial, companionable friend, too. Mr. Monahan takes you by the arm and saunters leisurely about Paris admiring the imposing monuments, the handsome buildings, and the beauty everywhere so sumptuously spread before his eyes. Now he shares with you a bottle of rare wine, or a good dinner, and enlivens the repast by many a droll story, and scintillation of his Irish wit.

He visits the art galleries and museums, and discusses in his informal, sparkling way all manner of subjects as they suggest themselves to his glittering intellect. Now it is journalism, now art, again literature; at times he mourns his country's folly in adopting Prohibition. So, too, in Florence and Rome. He bubbles over with enthusiasm and appreciation of the culture and the splendid traditions with which these cities are so richly endowed. When he visits the cottage of Balzac, and pays his homage to the memory of the great novelist, he is transported with delight.

Mr. Monahan writes as a man who loves his work. He stimulates you as a glass of the Burgundy that he praises so highly. If you read this book hoping to find a guide-book you will be disappointed; if you peruse it expecting to discover his mission in writing it, your search will be in vain.

MOTOR CAMPING ON WESTERN TRAILS. By MELVILLE F. FERGUSON. Century. 1925. $2.50.

This is a book with an appeal to the nomad in all of us, particularly to the stone and mortar-bound city dweller. It is a record of the result of thirty years' desire, sudden decision, and a year's preparation; the story of an Eastern newspaper editor who went away for a year, "destroying behind him all the bridges that connected him with civilization as he had heretofore known it. He took with him a wife, three daughters at the threshold of womanhood, a mother nearing fourscore, and parents-in-law who well remembered Civil War days. Eight people, habituated to an easy routine that is carelessly called solid comfort. All of them abhorred bugs, snakes, and wet feet."

It is a book which certainly ought to entice; lend encouragement and hardihood to those who balance with doubt on the edge of motor camping adventure. It is informal without being gushy; succinctly logs places, conditions, and experience with humor, brevity, and a calm eye, and spans the "travel" book of "What I Saw" and the sometimes dry handbook of "What to Do and Take."

The caravan consisted of three large machines, two trailers, and a good deal of impedimenta, much of it selected in the excellent school of experience. The record covers transcontinental motor camping over two routes and a winter spent in Hawaii. Many interesting photographs and two maps of this family Odyssey enliven the compact volume, which makes a worthwhile addition to the growing literature of this popular phase of American recreation.

THY HEART IN THE HILLS. By *Charles Hansen.* Dorrance. $2.

BEYOND THE UTMOST PURPLE RIM. By *E. Alexander Powell.* Century. $3.50.

GRASS. By *Merian C. Cooper.* Putnam. $2.75.

PARIS. By *George Wharton Edwards.* Penn

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK

Book List
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

VOL. II FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1925 NOS. 1-2

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Publishers' announcements are heralds of spring in book realms. To the student, to the general reader, to the more advanced scholar, as well as to the dealer, they proclaim the latest developments in various fields. The spring list of the Columbia University Press is notable for the variety of subjects, as well as for the unquestioned qualifications of its authors.

Due to limited space this issue of the Book List can make brief mention only of forthcoming books. We shall be pleased to furnish additional information if desired. Definite dates of publication will be announced in later issues, to be followed by extracts from the first reviews.

FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER.

[*By* RALPH L. RUSK, *Associate Professor of English in Indiana University.* In two volumes. Ready in April. Probable price $7.50.] A literary history reflecting the growth of civilization in the pioneer era from the end of the seventeenth century to the year 1840.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING IN CHINA AND ITS SPREAD WESTWARD.

[*By* THOMAS F. CARTER, *Assistant Professor of Chinese in Columbia University.* Illustrated. Ready in June. Probable price $7.50.] This will be the world's authoritative book on the invention of printing and paper making in China and of its slow spread westward into Europe. Photographic reproductions of the first type and of the first printed book.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND ITS PRINTING. 1719-1731.

[*By* HENRY CLINTON HUTCHINS. With a foreword by A. Edward Newton. Ready in March. $10.00.] This beautifully illustrated book will appeal particularly to rare book lovers. The edition is limited to 300 numbered copies.

A GUIDE TO THE PRINTED MATERIALS FOR ENGLISH SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY. 1750-1850.

[*By* JUDITH B. WILLIAMS. Ready in May. Probable price $5.00.] A Bibliography of historical sources of English history during this period. The sixth volume of the series, "Records of Civilization: Sources and Studies."

THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE LAW RELATING TO TRADEMARKS.

[*By* FRANK I. SCHECHTER. Ready in May. Probable price $6.00.] The author, who is an attorney specializing in this branch of the law, has made a special study of trade marks used by the guilds of the Middle Ages. The final chapter considers modern trademark laws.

FIVE STAGES OF GREEK RELIGION.

[*By* SIR GILBERT MURRAY, *Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.* Ready in June.] "Four Stages of Greek Religion" is now out of print. This enlarged new edition will be published by the Oxford University Press, with the American edition bearing the joint imprint of the Columbia University Press.

JEWISH INFLUENCE ON CHRISTIAN REFORM MOVEMENTS.

[*By* LOUIS I. NEWMAN, *pp.* 750. Ready in May. Probable price $5.00.] An analysis of the literary and personal influences emanating from the Jewish tradition in its relationship to Christianity.

CRACKER BOX PHILOSOPHERS IN AMERICAN HUMOR AND SATIRE.

[*By* JEANETTE TANDY. Ready in June. Probable price $3.00.] A study of one of the best known schools of American humor.

TROY AND PAEONIA.

With Glimpses of Ancient Balkan History and Religion.
[*By* GRACE HARRIET MACURDY, *Professor of Greek in Vassar College.* Ready in April. Probable price $3.75.] Sir Gilbert Murray, after examining the manuscript wrote: "Out of some fifty books on Homeric subjects which have been published in the last few years, I should put this among the first half dozen."

THE HUMOR IN THE RUSSIAN COMEDY FROM CATHERINE TO GOGOL.

[*By* ARTHUR P. COLEMAN. Ready in June.] A volume in the series: "Columbia University Slavonic Studies."

GREEK PAPYRI.

[*By* WILLIAM LINN WESTERMAN, *Professor of Ancient History in Columbia University.* Illustrated. Ready in June.] The Cornell University collection of rare papyri with English translations. It pictures the life of the Greek ruling class in Egypt in the third century B. C.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

MYRTLE. By STEPHEN HUDSON. (Knopf.)

DIONYSUS IN DOUBT. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. (Macmillan.)

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. (Dutton.)

D. G., Portland, Oregon, is preparing a thesis on the expressionistic movement in literature, especially in drama, and finds little material in English.

AN important contribution has been lately made in the translation from the German of Dr. Oskar Pfister's "Expressionism in Art" (Dutton), which gets down to the psychological and biological basis of the movement. "The New Vision in the German Arts," by Herman Scheffauer (Huebsch), is a survey of all the arts, more especially the drama, with references to this movement particularly. There is a chapter on Expressionism in Germany in Isaac Goldberg's "The Drama of Transition" (Appleton), which ranges the world. "The Post-Impressionists," by C. Lewis Hind (Methuen, 1911), is concerned with these ideas if not under these names. "The Russian Theatre," by Oliver Sayler (Brentano), has a section of the Kamerny and other experimental stages in that country; Leo Weiner takes issue with some of the statements in this and other books in his recently published "The Contemporary Drama of Russia" (Little, Brown). Mr. Sayler's "Our American Theatre" (Brentano), which like his other book is beautifully illustrated, is one of the very few to treat the movement as it has influenced the American stage: for this we must in general follow the *Theatre Arts Magazine* and other periodicals devoted to progress in the arts. "Continental Stagecraft," by Macgowan and Jones (Harcourt, Brace), is of high value to this discussion, not only for its text but for its admirable colored pictures of stage sets. Hermann Bahr's "Expressionismus" (Delphin-Verlag, Munich, 1919) has not been translated, nor the studies "Ueber den Expressionismus" (Reiss, Berlin, 1919) of which Kasimir Edschmid wrote the one for literature and drama.

I scarce dare name an American play as expressionistic, for the author generally disclaims the tendency, whatever the evidence. But "The Adding Machine," by Elmer Rice (Doubleday, Page), looks to me like one, and John Lawton's "Roger Bloomer" (Seltzer), while as for Mr. Lawton's new jazz symphony, "Processional," which still braves the storm on 49th street, it is an achievement, whatever you call it. In its printed form, just from the press, the haunting cadences of the words that passed half-noticed in the bizarre action but lingered as tones in the mind, are retrieved for the reader. I hope the book—or perhaps this—will send some of these back for a second hearing—a play like this is entitled to two tries before you give it up. Fortunately the return of "Beggar on Horseback," by Kaufman and Connolly, to the city from its tour, gives many people this second chance, and a chance to the readers of the printed form (Boni & Liveright) to see on the stage the most amusing and beauty-loving of plays showing this technique.

"It Is a Strange House," by Dana Burnet (Little, Brown), has not been produced, but should it be, only the expressionistic method would serve. The house in question is that of life, and the heroine breaks from one room to another, urged by this motive and that, until in the last pages she is in a Garden, a well-known one, with a good grey Gardner saying "You've been gone a long time. I'm glad you've come back. Here. Have an apple?" and the curtain falls.

R. M. S., Larchmont, N. Y., asks for a book on the literary men of the nineties.

THE most comprehensive book for the literature of this period and a few years this side of it is Harold William's "Modern English Writers" (Sidgwick & Jackson) to which I find myself often referring for information not elsewhere to be found. Holbrook Jackson's "The Eighteen Nineties" (Richards) is probably the best-known book about this decade; it is "a review of art and ideals at the close of the century, sympathetic and sensible, especially in regard to writers and artists not always treated with either sense or sympathy. "The Men of the Nineties," by Bernard Muddiman (Danielson, 1920), includes poets and painters in a brief survey; it even quotes from the poems of the young American who played a pathetic part in the movement, Theodore Peters, who starved to death in Paris. W. G. Blaikie-Murdoch's "The Renaissance of the Nineties" (Moring, 1911) is more concerned with the "artists of secession." Horace Wyndham's "The Nineteen Hundreds" (Seltzer), a recent publication, differs from any of these, and his London of the period, being mainly that of Grub Street and the commercial theatres, is out of the riot zone but near enough for him to have gathered facetious anecdotes of the fracas. A feature of the book is its personal anecdotes of the present famous in their early obscurity, and of the forgotten—like Charles Garvice—while yet they were holding the stage.

E. R. F., Cincinnati, O., asks if there are any books about quilts except Marie D. Webster's with this title.

"QUILTS," by Marie D. Webster (Doubleday, Page), was the first book on this subject, and still almost has the field to itself, covering not only the pieced and appliqued counterpanes but woven ones, and illustrating every feature with excellent plates. There is a list of the names of all the famous patterns, and a bibliography of works on textiles and embroidery with no quilt books to put in it. But in 1912 appeared "A Book of Handwoven Coverlets" (Little, Brown), a sumptuous production still in print, with sixteen color plates and many photographs. This department of the bed-cover art and industry is treated in a pleasant folklore vein. The tapestry of our American ancestor's figures not a little in our own literature, not to speak of Stevenson's "land of counterpane." It would be amusing to collect books in which they play a part: I could lead off with Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Quilt of Happiness" (Houghton Mifflin) and a delightful story in Dorothy Canfield's "Hillsboro People" (Holt) about a bedquilt masterpiece and its effect on the personality of an otherwise colorless maiden lady, its creator.

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Alice Brown
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"A real thriller. Only a very strong-minded reader will find it possible to put the book aside before he knows the reason and origin of that very mysterious thing, 'A Voice from the Dark.'"—N. Y. Times. $2.00

New Books of Poetry

Edwin Arlington Robinson
Dionysus in Doubt

In addition to the opening poem, "Dionysus in Doubt," this volume contains "Genevieve and Alexandra," "Mortmain," "Demos and Dionysus," and a number of sonnets. Price, $1.75. Limited autographed editions with portrait, $7.50.

William Butler Yeats
Complete Works in Six Volumes

The four volumes already published are: "Later Poems," "Plays in Prose and Verse," "Plays and Controversies," "Essays." Forthcoming are: "Early Poems and Stories" and the "Autobiography." Price, $2.50 each. Limited autographed edition, $5.00.

Ridgely Torrence
Hesperides

"It's a red-letter day for the lovers of poetry," announces the Saturday Review of Literature, "when a poem appears by Ridgely Torrence. His 'Hesperides' is sure to add to that portion of American poetry which may survive the merciless winnowing of time." Probable price, $1.75

John G. Neihardt
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This new poem by Mr. Neihardt carries on his epic cycle of the West which was begun in "The Song of Three Friends" and "The Song of Hugh Glass." It deals with the last great fight for the bison pastures of the Plains. Limited autographed edition, $2.50

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Love

Love

Love

Love

Love

We are frightfully sorry about the way this word LOVE has sort of slithered down this column —but we are so heels over head since we read LOVE, the new novel by the ever delightful "Elizabeth", who wrote THE ENCHANTED APRIL —that we just couldn't help it

Please excuse it and please read LOVE

You'll love it !

At bookstores, $2.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Joy

The Phoenix Nest

A GENTLEMAN of letters who is now the editor of *The Commonweal* once banged his typewriter on the floor above which we banged ours, in a street in the Village. Of an evening, sometimes, we would go to the theatre together or take a walk together. Sometimes he would sketch us the plots of the stories he was writing or intending to write. On one such evening, we recall, he spoke to us of a story in his mind to be called, we think, "The Upward Look." We don't know whether this story was ever written or ever appeared, but around the central idea we still sometimes weave dreams.

It was simple enough. Get a nation—this nation—to look upward and actually to see the sky. The whole working philosophy, the whole spiritual outlook of a great group of people might be changed by that. In a city like this, for instance, for how many thousands—not to say millions—is a real recognition of the surrounding universe impeded by the interposition of high buildings, by the obstruction of stone and steel.

And then, too, we are always in too beastly a hurry for the upward look, save in the case of those gaping groups whose gaze is, however, not lost in the profound ambiguity of the empyrean but fixed upon the raising or lowering of a safe from the thirtieth floor, the spectacle of a human fly painting a gilt ball on a flagpole, or riveters out on a beam. To halt for such things displays a laudable human interest in careers of danger and daring, but to set aside fifteen minutes a day for a deep pondering gaze at the sky alone would argue one feeble-minded.

Well, some day, and in this city, we intend to choose our bench in some park affording us an unobstructed view and sit and gaze at the sky for hours—if we are not asked to move on. We ourselves have not noticed, really noticed, the sky for a good while, but we have not forgotten that there is a heaven above us.

It does not seem strange to us at all that there may be an after-life somewhere in those depths deeper than any depths we can imagine. "But why not place your heaven under the earth? Just as sensible as to place it above it," remarks the scoffer. Why but we do! We may be standing on our head, or sitting on it, for all we know, at this very instant.

Shelley comes naturally to mind. He was the "skiey poet" *par excellence*. He saw more shiningly than all others "the sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes, and his burning plumes outspread." He painted best "the crimson pall of eve," the stars as "a swarm of golden bees," "the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams." He watched the "sphere-fire" weave infinite soft colours. He related even the daisy to the "dancing stars" as "the constellated flower that never sets," and saw "loose clouds" shed like "earth's decaying leaves." "Angels of rain and lightning" visited him visibly, and to his vision insistently the "intense lamp" of the moon narrowed "in the white dawn clear," or "profoundest midnight" shrouded "the serene lights of heaven."

Everywhere in Shelley's poetry is continual observation of the sky, of the cerulean under every aspect and change. And in his letters you will find that he particularly revered the Parthenon because

it is, as it were, the visible image of the universe; in the perfection of its proportions, as when you regard the unmeasured dome of heaven, the idea of magnitude is swallowed up and lost. It is open to the sky, and its wide dome is lighted by the everchanging illumination of the air. The clouds of noon fly over it, and at night the keen stars are seen through the azure darkness, hanging immovably, or driving after the driving moon among the clouds.

Yes, one can get sky-drunken on Shelley. "The ever-changing illumination of the air" alone shows how closely and truly he perceived. He was as much at home in the universal element as an Hawaiian in the ocean, and a trip in an airplane of this age would have caused him to climb for altitude till he was lost forever in the infinite. One cannot imagine him returning to dull earth.

It is stranger that we should be able to remain upon the earth than that we should immediately fly—or, if you like, *dive* to Heaven. The law of gravitation is a miracle like some of the others Walt Whitman found that would "stagger sextillions of infidels." In the deepest sense the sky is our home. Sometimes it looks rather cheerless. But a steady regard of it has the power, at least, of stripping away all our pettiness. And its panoramic changes are constantly awe-inspiring to a sensitive intelligence.

Lovers like to sit and look at the sky. The mysterious element in their emotion draws their senses to the mystery enfolding all life on this errant planet. And then, too, the sky is as inarticulate as are they.

It is not the greatest of all things to be articulate. We once imagined Dante and Shakespeare sitting together in Heaven without saying a word to each other, just sort of smiling and nodding. Sometimes the greatest of all things is to exchange your thoughts with something as largely impersonal and inarticulate as the sky. You can do it with the sea, of course, to a certain extent, but the sea has its perpetual noise, even if it sinks to a mere mutter, and it grovels on the ground like mankind. The sky is high and aloof and serene. In storm its fury is entirely impersonal, though devastating. Its apparent grief and anger are not for you. There is nothing exclusive about them.

We have said "exchange your thoughts," and that is what we mean. Sometimes you can hear the sky thinking. We will admit it takes practise, but you can! The sky thinks in color and cloud. The sky, literally, puts thoughts into your head. We know they are the sky's thoughts, and not ours, in our own case, because they are so much more detached, urbane, charitable, and tinged with glory than ours commonly are.

And then, you don't have to have the whole sky! Even a small blue fragment of it seen in a jigging frame of leaves should be enough to induce the good medicine of a day-dream in the mind of the most incorrigible. By material concerns we live; but in material concerns we lose all the poise and power that can pour into us from the sky. None of the things over which we make such a loud daily to-do after all greatly matter.

The philosopher, having intrigued with the sky, knows this to be true, and is hence an abomination to his friends and relatives. But the sky is the greatest of all the books. Learn to read it! As we say, we intend to play hookey one of these Spring days and spend it exclusively in communing with the "intense inane."

W. R. B.

The author of that splendid novel "Blowing Weather" has written a delightful Springtime romance

A

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By JOHN T. McINTYRE

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—Down the street he strolled and—you guessed it—fell in love
—She had soft brown eyes and her clothes were gorgeous
—But alas! She was wax—and in a department store window
—However, romance found Pickering, and she had brown eyes, too.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF BOOKLOVER'S LIBRARY

THE library of a New Jersey collector sold at the Anderson Galleries March 23 and 24, containing 601 lots, brought $18,430.50. It was a library of choice books, of fine editions, in handsome bindings—books of a booklover rather than the collector, as the term is used. The sale brought out a good attendance and prices generally were satisfactory, which shows there is a good market for books of this class if they are catalogued and exhibited so that they make the right appeal.

A few representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

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Burton (Sir Richard F.). Collected set of first editions, 40 vols., 12mo and 8vo, half morocco, London, 1851-84. $255.

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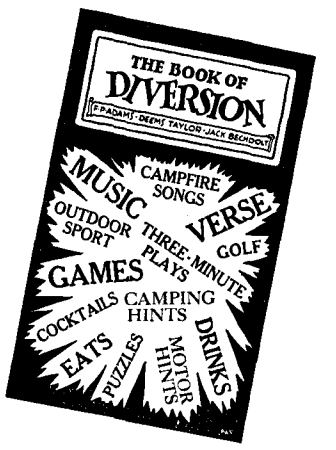

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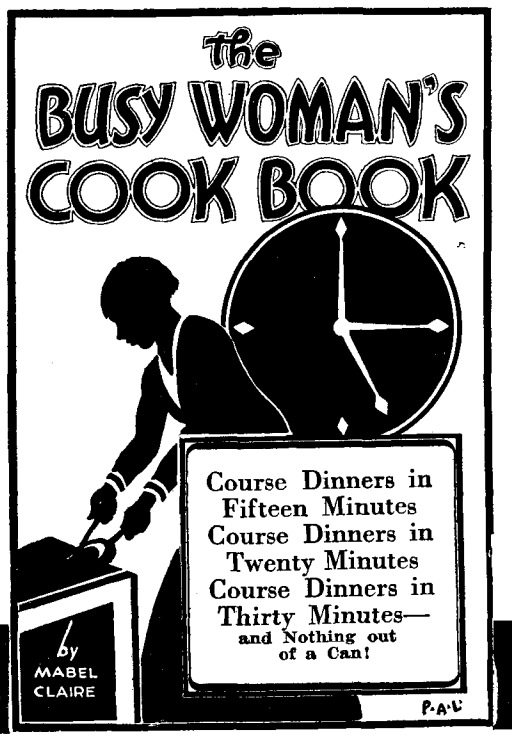

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